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Book Reviews

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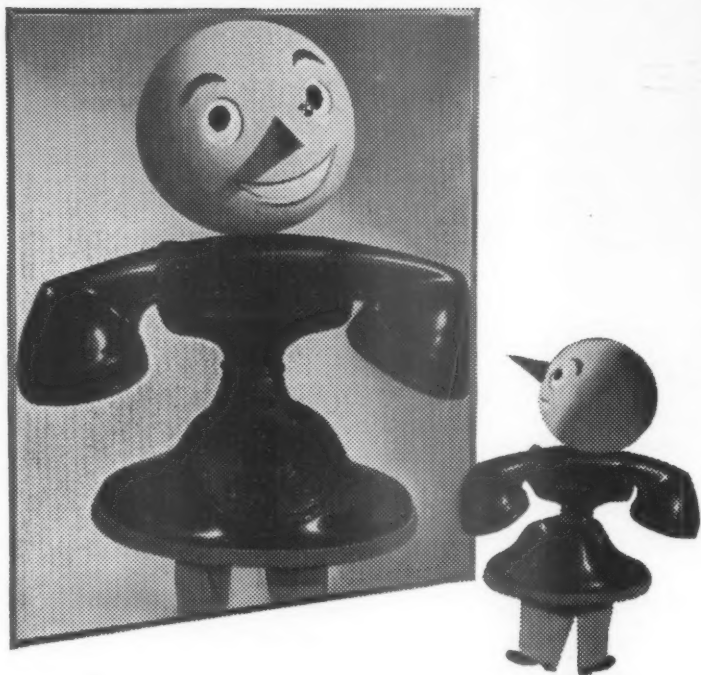
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"If I were twice as big"

"Then I could give the public all the service it wants and take care of the war on top of that.

"But I can't get bigger now because materials are needed for shooting. So I'm asking your help to make the most of what we have.

"Please don't make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity unless they are vital. Leave the wires clear for war traffic."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The South Atlantic Quarterly

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OCTOBER, 1942

Number 4

THE WAR: TWO JOBS, NOT ONE

JULIAN HUXLEY

ONCE, YEARS AGO, when I was on a lecture tour across the United States, I found myself in Texas when Ma Ferguson was campaigning for governor of that great state. One of the things I remember about that campaign is a huge poster of Ma Ferguson, pictured as a very motherly sort of homebody, with her husband behind, looking over her shoulder; and underneath, after exhortations to vote for the lady, the slogan, "Two Governors for the Price of One."

Today we have the possibility—indeed, the necessity—of doing two jobs—two enormous world-jobs—at the price of one. So far, most of us have only bothered about one of the jobs—getting on with the war. But over the shoulder of the war something else is looming up—something even bigger than the war.

That something is no less than a world transformation. And by a world transformation I mean a process of drastic change, when history is being made much more quickly than usual, and the whole framework of the ideas and institutions by which and in which we live is being entirely reshaped into a quite new form.

As a man builds himself a house, so humanity builds itself a civilization to live in. For centuries humanity goes on inhabiting the same house. A window is put in here, a new room thrown out there, the furniture and the interior decoration are changed; but in spite of all the alterations, it is still the same house. Then, one fine day, humanity pulls the old house down and builds a new one, in a different style, with different plans, new types of construction, and new conveniences. Perhaps some of the old materials are used

in the new structure, some of the old furniture and pictures are kept to decorate the new rooms; but it is a new house, a new kind of a house, a new civilization for men to inhabit. A world transformation has taken place.

During the course of history, humanity has been through a number of these drastic transformations. One of the most familiar to us is the period of the Renaissance and Reformation, while another is that of the Industrial Revolution. During the Renaissance and the Reformation the Middle Ages were transformed into a more modern kind of world, where individual freedom of enterprise in exploration and business and politics, and individual freedom of judgment and inquiry in religion and philosophy and science, became substituted for the rigid framework of feudalism and the equally rigid framework of orthodox religious philosophy. During the Industrial Revolution (with which the American and French and Latin-American revolutions are linked) the prescientific world gave place to a world where individual enterprise found new frontiers opened to it by technology, where competitive economic enterprise was freed from innumerable restrictions, nationalism became the main driving force in world politics, and natural science at last began to play an important part in shaping the background of thought.

It is this world, brought into being by the Industrial Revolution, which is now destined to disappear and be remodeled in the new transformation through which we ourselves are living today.

Do you doubt it? It is perfectly possible to do so, possible to live in the middle of a world transformation and not realize the fact of its existence. A world transformation is so enormous in scale and, however rapid in terms of ordinary history, so slow in terms of human life. It is easy to concentrate on single symptoms—the war, or the depression, or the unrest in India, or the New Deal—rather than on the giant process as a whole. But it is the whole which counts. Unless we first recognize the existence of the world transformation, then do our best to understand it, and, finally, embark on it of set purpose in order to make it happen the way we want, we shall never release all the forces of democracy. Too many of those forces are still latent: that is why Hitler was able to sneer at us as sluggish and decadent “pluto-democracies.” But if we can

mobilize their full potential, Democracy could become more dynamic than Fascism or Communism or any other ism or ideology.

These are fine words: let us get back to hard facts. What *is* this transformation in which we are caught up; and where is it taking us? Is it something wholly beyond our control like an earthquake, or can we jump into the saddle and guide it towards a desired destination? Let us look at recent history and see what are the trends of change and what they have in common.

In the first place, this transformation, like all other world transformations in the past, is, in some form or other, quite inescapable: certain general tendencies will work themselves out to their furthest conclusions whatever we say or do, whether we like them or whether we dislike them. They will do so because the transformation is the result of huge economic and social forces which are entirely beyond our control. The nineteenth-century system, which worked excellently in one set of conditions, itself produced new conditions in which it worked badly: its very success in the long run defeated itself. Its two chief characteristics were *laissez-faire* economics and nationalism. The *laissez-faire* system of freely competing private enterprise created a new level of prosperity. But with its eyes fixed on profits, it neglected conservation and amenities: the result was deforestation, soil erosion, the dust bowl, the ugliest cities in history. With its belief that individual initiative, working under the laws of supply and demand, would automatically produce the most rapid progress possible, it neglected social organization and planning: the result was a series of violent trade cycles, culminating in the great depression, the conversion of customer countries into competitors, the growth of big business, monopolies, and cartels by the competitive squeezing out of the small firm, the increase of unemployment with consequent insecurity and sense of frustration.

In world politics, nationalism led to an increase of patriotic cohesion and of military and naval efficiency, and to a rapid exploitation of the resources of backward countries, coupled with a sense of a colonial mission. In America, the open frontier took the place of the undeveloped tropics, and the expansion of the United States of America occurred within its own boundaries: "Go West, young man," took the place of the "White Man's Burden," and pioneering

of imperialism. But gradually the world shrank in effective size, the frontier closed, the undeveloped areas were all taken over. Nationalist competition, which had begun as military rivalry, ended in unhealthy and perpetual friction. Sovereign independence became transformed into autarchy and self-sufficiency.

Thus to economic insecurity and the dread of unemployment were added political insecurity and the dread of war. In the background, a sense of frustration and aimlessness had begun to take the place of hope and purpose. The system, once solid, had become unstable. *Laissez faire* and nationalism worked well in an expanding world of open frontiers. They themselves helped to close the frontiers and bring expansion to an end: until in the closed, tightly-knit world of the twentieth century there is no longer room for the particular kind of freedom of *laissez faire*, and the sovereign independence of nations has become a dangerous fiction. Some other system is bound to be born because the old system will no longer work.

In the United States, with its advanced industrialization and its isolated position, and its huge undeveloped resources, it took longer for the old system to begin breaking up than in any other important country, just as the United States was the last of the great powers to be drawn into the war. But the same inexorable processes are at work here as elsewhere, undermining nationalism and *laissez faire*.

If we look back at the last quarter of a century, we find country after country adopting new methods to compensate for the breakdown of the old. Sometimes the old system is rejected entire, and a wholly new one deliberately set up. When that happens, the transformation becomes a true revolution. Since 1917 there have been revolutions in Russia, in Italy, in Turkey, in China, in Germany, in Spain, in Portugal, in a pale sort of way in Vichy France, and in other countries. In all these cases, the revolution has been wholly or mainly totalitarian, though in Spain, Portugal, and Russia it began by being democratic; in China its totalitarianism has been a matter of military necessity and political expediency, and it contains a good deal of actual and a great deal of potential democracy.

However, countries can suffer radical transformation without passing through a revolution. Japan, for instance, has always been

totalitarian. In recent times it has transformed itself from tribal and feudal totalitarianism to a modern technological totalitarianism. It anticipated Hitler in calling for the complete subordination of the individual to the State, and in ideas of a "New Order." Today, Japan is a planned ultra-patriotic totalitarian state, though there it is not a dictator who wields power, but a group of army leaders and politicians.

Finally, you can have a transformation which is nonrevolutionary and also democratic. So far, this particular kind of transformation has nowhere been completed; but it has gone quite a way in a number of countries.

In Sweden and other Scandinavian nations it revealed itself in the form of sweeping measures of social security and welfare—health and unemployment insurance, old age and widows' pensions, the equalizing of educational opportunity, subsidized housing and vitamin-rich food for the underprivileged, minimum wage laws, a constructive population policy, and so on.

The British Dominions, most notably perhaps New Zealand, moved independently along a closely parallel course. The same trends, though in many ways not so sweeping, were followed by Britain between the two wars, and have become accentuated during the present war. In the United States the New Deal represented a partial but very sudden instalment of the transformation.

Internationally, things were happening too. The League of Nations, the first attempt at world-wide international organization, came into being. Even when it began to fail and finally collapsed as a political institution, various of its branches, like the International Labor Office and the Health section, continued doing useful work. What is more, the failure of the League merely served to underline the urgent need for *some* international political organization. Hitler's vision of this is the New Order, through which he has already gone a long way towards making Europe a unit. Japan's vision is the East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. The United Nations have their vision of such an organization, though it is as yet much vaguer. On the other hand, they have already undertaken various concrete pieces of international organization during the war which could readily continue in modified form after it is over—Lease-Lend, the leasing

and sharing of strategic bases, unified committees for supply and other functions, the Czech-Polish Agreement, the Anglo-American Economic Agreement, and so on. The most fundamental change, however, is that the world has not only become a unit but that it has recognized the fact that it has become a unit. National isolation, including isolationism, has become more and more impossible and unrealistic.

Another international aspect of the transformation has been the greater concern over backward areas and peoples. Sometimes this has revealed itself merely in a desire to exploit material resources—oil in Mexico or Persia, copper in Central Africa, tin in Malaya, and so forth. Sometimes it is focused on political advance, as with the United States' guidance of the Filipinos along the road to independence, sometimes on social and economic welfare, as with the British and the Anglo-American commissions now in the West Indies. Sometimes it is thinking of all-round development, as in the increased sums of money made available during the war by Britain for her colonies, and their utilization for social, as well as material, development. Sometimes it is concerned with backward regions inside the nation, as with the Depressed Areas in Britain, or the Tennessee Valley Authority in the United States. Sometimes action has been forced by the demand of the dependent peoples, as recently in India. Sometimes even, as in Europe since the spring of 1940, the more powerful nation has forcibly driven others into backwardness, the better to be able to exploit their resources. At the opposite extreme, there was the establishment of the mandate system, which, for all its unreality in certain respects, did establish the principle that some backward areas at least were not possessions but were the responsibility of the world at large, not merely of some single power.

At first sight, this jumble of events and tendencies may seem to reveal no common characteristics. Sudden revolution and slow evolution as processes; democracy and dictatorship as methods; exploitation and emancipation for backward peoples; social welfare and military aggression as national aim—what elements can these have in common? However, when we look more closely, we find that all over the world the transformation pursues certain broad trends which are everywhere similar in direction, while the differences are

in their form. There is a trend away from *laissez faire* towards planning; there is a tendency for the government to take a more positive hand in an increasing number of the activities of life; there is a trend to put purely economic motives and aims into the second place, in favor of noneconomic motives and aims; there is an increasing concern with the material and human resources of backward regions; and there is a growing realization of the impossibility of national isolation and of the necessity for some strong and thorough-going international organization.

Those are the common elements in the transformation, and they seem to be inescapable tendencies of the times, as inexplicable as were the trends, a century and a half ago, towards mechanized private enterprise and the other main tendencies of the Industrial Revolution. In some form or another they will accomplish themselves. But the form itself is not inescapable: there are alternatives. For one thing, the transformation may be got through faster or slower, with more friction or with less. That depends on whether we co-operate with the inevitable tendencies or whether we resist them. When Margaret Fuller was reported as saying, "I accept the Universe," Carlyle remarked, "Gad, she'd better!" The general trends of a world transformation are part of the facts of the universe, and it will certainly be better if as many of us as possible accept them and deliberately try to help the transformation on its way.

The people who talk, or have talked, about "the Wave of the Future" have seen this. But they have seen it crooked; they have not perceived the second alternative, the second crossroads in the route which the transformation may take. And this second alternative is more important than the first. The first was a choice of quantity—whether the transformation should go faster or slower. The second is a choice as to its quality. Shall it be peaceful, co-operative, democratic, or shall it be militarist, totalitarian, brutal?

The believers in the Wave of the Future said, correctly enough, that a transformation had taken place in Nazi Germany, and that Germany had thereby become more efficient, more unified, more disciplined, more willing to make sacrifices, more proudly conscious of itself and its destiny; it no longer suffered from the hesitations and cross-purposes of the democracies, their lack of aim, their lack of a sense of satisfying purpose in life. They, therefore, concluded

not merely that the democracies also ought deliberately to undertake their own transformation, but that this should follow the German model.

The first part of their conclusion was correct, but the second was not. They were right in saying that the democracies had to go through with this process of transforming the framework of their existence, and that they ought to undertake the business deliberately with a definite purpose in view. Failure to do this may spell disaster through inefficiency and unpreparedness. Hitler and the Nazis believed that Britain had drifted into this position, and would fall to them like an over-ripe plum after the collapse of France. In fact, it nearly did so: but the English Channel, the R. A. F., Mr. Churchill, and the reserves of character and determination in the people at large, just saved it.

Failure to face the need for the transformation and for getting on with it purposefully may even cause a country to go to pieces in an emergency. If those who happen not to like a world transformation obstinately resist it, and if the rest of the nation are divided in their ideas of how the transformation should be made, so that the transforming forces are divided and begin pulling in different directions, then the whole framework of society may be so weakened that it collapses under strain. That was what happened in France.

So far then the believers in the Wave of the Future were right. But they were wrong in concluding that there was only one kind of Wave of the Future, namely, the totalitarian Fascist model, exemplified most fully in Nazi Germany. There is also a democratic model. Or, rather, a democratic model is possible. Their mistake was in a way pardonable, for already some time before the war Germany and various other totalitarian countries had got through their transformation fairly completely, while nowhere had a transformation of democratic type gone more than part way towards completion, and nowhere had it been deliberately undertaken.

One of the reasons that no complete model of a democratic transformation as yet exists is the slowness of democracies; they take more time than totalitarian states to make up their minds. Perhaps that is inevitable, perhaps not: at any rate, it is true of democracies in their present form. However, another reason is that it is more difficult to get through this particular transformation in a democratic way

than in a totalitarian way. Totalitarianism, in fact, provides a political short-cut towards stability and unity. Whether it ever actually gets there is another matter—whether its unity is ever wholly real, its stability ever permanent. But for the time being it certainly can achieve a good deal of unity and stability very quickly. A totalitarian regime is able to do this because it is able to suppress contrary opinions and impose its own ideas, to distort justice and science and religion to further its own ends, to drive its opponents into exile or shut them up in concentration camps, to take far-reaching decisions immediately, to impose plans irrespective of the wishes of the people—in a word, because it is totalitarian, and, being totalitarian, can and does use force to do what it likes.

The problem before a democracy is much harder. It may realize that more planning and more government control are inevitable, that the automatic operation of economic motives is not enough to produce a satisfying life, that greater unification and a more conscious sense of unity are necessary, that international organization is urgently required. But how is democracy to achieve this and yet stay democratic? Planning, for instance—there are plenty of people in the United States who quite genuinely believe that planning is the thin end of the totalitarian wedge, that any government control means starting down a slope that leads inevitably to 100 per cent regimentation. The free play of economic motives—this certainly was the American way which produced such quick results in the past: why shouldn't it continue to do so in the future? Anyway, how are you going to get people to put some other motive in the first place without undemocratic compulsion? Then there is the feeling of unity. How is it possible to achieve this without substituting propaganda for freedom of the press and untrammelled expression of opinion, without forcibly muzzling those with minority views? And, finally, how can you make nations join an international organization without doing violence to the democratic principles of national freedom and self-determination? Britain and the United States, together, if they wanted to, might well be strong enough to make most of the rest of the world join an organization dominated by them, but that would hardly be democratic.

Once more, the answer is that it is difficult, but can be done. Planning can be democratic, as has been best demonstrated in the

United States themselves. The Tennessee Valley Authority, for instance, in everything except its direct executive job of building dams and power plants, does not forcibly impose its plans on the regions. It improves agriculture and checks erosion by persuasion—it persuades farmers to volunteer to use improved fertilizers and improved methods on their farms, until the results persuade other farmers to do the same. It does not even distribute the electricity it generates; it persuades towns and rural areas to create their own distribution organizations. It does not force new methods on people; but it has designed a number of agricultural and electric appliances suitable for small farmers and rural consumers, which it then makes available (via license through private firms) at low cost. It does not insist on town-planning schemes, but it puts its research facilities and its expert advisers at the disposal of any town that wants to plan itself. It does not impose a plan forcibly from above; it does not even say, "Here is a good plan—take it or leave it." It helps local communities to plan for themselves and it tries to get a general sense of participation on the part of the people of the region through the voluntary collaboration of the educational authorities and in other ways. Far from crushing private enterprise, planning here has aided it. Agriculture is still carried on by individual farmers, but they are more prosperous; a number of new factories have been started, attracted by cheap power; and quite new activities, like water transportation and boat-building and boat-hiring for pleasure, have been thrown open to private enterprise.

In the Northwest, in the huge area to be served by the Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams on the Columbia River, planning is even more radically democratic. The general outline of the plan is being threshed out on the spot, partly by an official committee, partly by a purely private and voluntary organization, the Northwest Regional Commission, which represents local communities and private interests.

In general, within the framework of a plan, plenty of room can be left for individual initiative, and certain sectors of life can deliberately be left unplanned.

As regards motive, war is the clearest demonstration of how economic incentives can be made to take second place. But it would be equally possible to make patriotism the chief motive in peacetime, a patriotism which takes pride in the achievements of the whole

nation. A people can be proud of having the lowest infant mortality in the world, or of increasing the number of those with a college education, of abolishing malnutrition and slums, of possessing beautiful cities and fine orchestras. In Russia, there is immense pride in new scientific discoveries, or in the success of a difficult expedition, and as much interest in them as the English-speaking peoples evince in sport. Anyhow, sport is another noneconomic outlet. Besides, there are the powerful motives of service and sacrifice, of self-development and adventure. If outlets can be organized for these, we can be sure that full advantage will be taken of them by human nature.

Unity is perhaps a harder problem: but it, too, is not impossible of democratic solution. Unity may be achieved through uniformity; but it does not have to be, and unity in and through diversity is fuller and richer. One aid to unity is to have a truly national culture—music, films, writing, radio, art, architecture—which reflects all the diverse facets of national life and makes a people conscious of itself and its corporate existence, its destiny and its ideals. Ancient Athens had such a culture. So did the Renaissance, but it was largely restricted to the privileged classes. No large modern nation has yet developed one which is shared by all sections of the people. In the democracies culture is still sectional, and what there is of it often reflects life in a distorted way, as with films in the United States. But there is no reason why a general culture of this sort should not exist. Russia has deliberately set out to create one, and has gone a considerable way towards doing so. Wartime filmmaking, especially perhaps in Canada, is making the movie a comprehensive and faithful mirror for the wartime life and purpose of peoples. Cultural unity which is both many-sided and democratic, is at any rate possible.

A high level of universal education can also make both for unification and for the sense of unity; so can the provision of large-scale organizations for service—youth service, military service (as in Switzerland), civilian service, workers' voluntary service, and so on. Finally, the putting of noneconomic motives in first place, above economic motives, can help to produce unity. Purely economic motives on the whole tend to rivalry and disunity; so do certain noneconomic motives such as the craving for power for its own sake. But patriotic

motives, whether the patriotism of war or the patriotism of peace, make for collective pride and unified purpose. And motives that transcend even the nation, as can be the case with science, with religion, with art, with the relief of suffering, may equally make for unity and co-operation.

Finally, there is the difficulty of making international organization democratic. But is this really so great? The United States itself came into existence by organizing originally independent sovereign units into a greater whole. England and Scotland, once separate and often hostile, are now united to form Britain, and that too is a democratic co-operative union. During this war, Germany has had to force Hungary, Rumania, Finland, and Italy into joint military action; but the joint supply and military measures of the United Nations, including drastic restrictions of national sovereignty, like the leasing and pooling of bases, are all on a voluntary, co-operative basis, and so are the arrangements, already well advanced, for bringing food and medical relief into the enemy-occupied countries as soon as the war is won.

The need for getting on with the transformation quickly and of set purpose is also of importance for the war itself. It is a fact of observation that those nations which have got through the transformation more completely have, in general, shown greater military efficiency. In the language of the statistician, the two facts show a marked positive correlation, and the degree of transformation undoubtedly helps to produce the military efficiency. It is not merely that the totalitarian nations have been preparing longer for war: it is that the totalitarian nations are also the more completely transformed. Germany shows the most radical transformation of any nation: and in Germany you find the most thorough planning; the economic profit motive is there completely subordinated to the motive of war and national aggrandisement; the nation is formidably united behind its own ideal of an "Aryan" Master-Race, and against the bogey scapegoat enemies of the Jews, Bolshevism, and "pluto-democracy"; and as soon as it got the chance, it has set about organizing an international New Order in the most drastic way.

Russia is also very thoroughly transformed, and much more efficient militarily than almost anyone expected. The efficiency is

not merely in production or in tactics; it springs also from the unity which the transformation has helped to bring about in the people.

The transformation effected by Fascism in Italy was never so thoroughgoing as that produced by Nazism in Germany; and in correlation with this (though doubtless with other factors, too) Italy's military efficiency has not been so high. In France, the transformation itself and the methods of achieving it were matters of acute controversy, so that unity was decreased and purposeful planning made more difficult; and the result, in spite of high technical skill and proud traditions, was military inefficiency and political collapse.

In the democratic countries, the changes which have been found necessary, some by bitter experience, to increase military efficiency, are all changes towards more central planning and control, towards the subordination of the profit motive and all ideas of "business as usual" to the noneconomic motive of success in war, towards greater unity, and towards more thoroughgoing international arrangements—four main trends of the world transformation.

Many details will have to be altered later to adapt the new machinery from the ends of war to those of peace. But without doubt much of the change has undoubtedly come to stay. The transformation is inescapable, and in the world after the war, more planning, more unity, and more international organization will still be necessary.

But the planning and the unity and the international organization must be of the right kind. Thus the next step must be to make sure that our transformation, when we go through with it, is a democratic one.

Are there any general rules for us to go on when we are constructing the new framework of the world's life, to make sure we are not taking the easy shortcuts that lead to totalitarianism? Are there any principles of democracy which will apply as much in the world that is being born as they did in the age that is coming to an end? It is certainly not enough to say that democracy is freedom of individual enterprise, or representative government with free elections. The former applied only to democracy in a particular stage of civilization, when laissez-faire economics was the best way of achieving advance. The latter is only one part of the machinery of only one aspect of democracy—political democracy. We

have got to find more general principles, and we have got to translate our old principles into new terms that will apply in new conditions.

There seems to be only one universal principle of democracy, applicable in any and every phase of history. It is that human individuals are the democratic yardstick. The satisfaction of the needs of individual human beings is one side of the picture; and the other is their free and active participation in the life of the society to which they belong. Satisfaction of needs means a basic platform of health and welfare, security and freedom for all, together with equal opportunity for further individual development, through education, recreation, adventure, service, and self-expression. Participation means that the individual feels himself to be a part of a greater whole, that he co-operates in the general affairs of this community and nation, and that he is given the opportunity of sharing in as many activities of society as possible. Everywhere the rights and the duties of individuals are what counts.

In addition, there are certain principles that will be applicable in the new phase in which we are entering. The chief characteristic of that new stage is that the world, though still consisting of distant nations, has become a unit, so that no country can escape being influenced by what is happening in other parts of the world, and the nations are becoming much less distinct and their affairs much more closely entangled with those of other nations. The consequence of this is the inescapable trend we have already mentioned, towards some form of international organization for both economic and political security, which will help prosperity and prevent war.

What is the democratic way of building up such an organization? The first essential is that it should be based on freedom and equality of opportunity—free and equal co-operation, instead of domination based on inequality of force. The pooling of strategic bases for common use is an example of equal co-operation in the military sphere. In the economic sphere, an example is the joint control of certain key raw materials to prevent booms and depressions and to increase consumption. The second is that the authority which has to take decisions on international matters should, as far as possible, represent peoples and not national governments. This is another way of saying that individual participation is needed in the

international as well as the national sphere. The decision of the Thirteen States to form the United States was taken by their peoples, not by their governments. Perhaps the participation of peoples in the new World Order will at the outset be confined to making the decision to unite for certain purposes. Later on, more and more power must be given to individual citizens, until eventually some sort of elected federal government comes into being.

Free and equal co-operation applies to peoples which are sufficiently advanced to stand on their own feet as distinct nations. But what about those others, forming between a quarter and a third of the world's population, which are still so backward that they must be administered as dependent colonies, or those which are nominally independent but still require a certain amount of help or tutelage or guidance? The answer is, I think, quite clear. In the new unit world, the inescapable trend is, as already set forth, for greater attention to be paid to the development of their human and material resources. If they cannot be treated as actual equals, the democratic way of realizing that trend is to treat them as potential equals. That means helping their peoples to achieve self-government as quickly as possible, and developing their material resources not by one-sided exploitation but as part of a co-operative scheme.

If we want to be still clearer as to our guiding principles as believers in democracy, we can study the way totalitarianism works and adopt methods as far removed as possible from those which it employs. Looked at in this way, democracy means the absence of secret police and concentration camps, of irresponsible dictatorships or oligarchies, of muzzled opinion, of brute force as the mainstay of government, of inequality of opportunity, of one-sided domination and one-sided exploitation.

There remains one final question. How are we to enter upon the transformation consciously, formally, and with the greatest possible energy? The answer is clear—by proclaiming war aims which include the achieving of the transformation. Once more, this can be done in a totalitarian way or in a democratic way. Hitler has proclaimed his war aims. They are quite comprehensive and fairly detailed. They include the dominance of the so-called Aryan race and of the Germanic nation; the National-Socialist transformation of

Germany; the destruction of what he is pleased to call "pluto-democracy" and of Bolshevism; the servitude of the Jews; and an elaborate international organization in the form of a New Order in which Germany controls and exploits as many other countries as possible.

Hitler's aim of a New Order in Europe was anticipated by many years by the Japanese New Order—now rechristened Co-Prosperity Sphere—in East Asia. The long-declared aim of this is to establish complete Japanese supremacy in the Far East, with Japan in a privileged economic and military position. "Asia for the Asiatics" is a further aim, with the destruction of all trace of "white imperialism" in the region.

Both the German and the Japanese aims are represented as the crusade of a chosen race, for which no sacrifices are too great; and as such they undoubtedly make a powerful emotional appeal to people at large.

These are the war aims of our totalitarian enemies. They are comprehensive, and boldly envisage the achieving of the world transformation, not as a hostile process to be resisted, not as a necessity to be tolerated, but as an opportunity to be seized, a mission to be embarked upon. Just because this is so, they have enlisted much of the emotional forces of their peoples: the mission is embarked upon with fervor, the opportunity treated as one for dedication, effort, and sacrifice in a cause transcending self.

There is no reason why the United Nations should not do the same—the same, only different, because in a democratic way; the same, only more potent, because the democratic ideal is in the long run more powerful in its appeal. The Nazi ideal of a united Europe has a strong appeal to the peoples of the Continent; but that appeal is being destroyed by bitter experience of the totalitarian methods it involves. The Nazi ideal of a chosen Nordic race with a noble mission makes a strong appeal to Germans; but that appeal too is being undermined as the troops in occupied countries find they are regarded not as liberators or friends, but as hated oppressors.

It would be possible for us to declare a set of war aims which would release the latest dynamism of democracy and reveal it as the most potent political and social force in existence; which would unite all those who believe in freedom, decency, and justice; and which would satisfy the aspirations of the world's underfed and

underprivileged millions for a fuller life. But this will not happen unless we first become aware of the world transformation, learn to understand it, and treat it as an opportunity to be embraced by democracy.

The war is two jobs in one, and the more obvious job of production and military action is in the long run no more important than this second one of riding the real Wave of the Future by achieving the world transformation in a wholeheartedly democratic way.

CULTURAL SIMONY

CALVIN T. RYAN

IT DOESN'T matter whether you can define what you mean by being cultured, the popular admonition is *don't be*. Such an attitude might be acceptable for the duration, for war is not a part of culture. An all-out war such as we have at present leaves but little time for the common pursuits of culture. Wars seem to demand that the people involved lay aside their civilization and resort to barbarism, ostensibly to become more civilized. Nations "back up" in order to get another start.

But the attitude toward culture which I have in mind antedated our entrance into the conflict. In truth, it had its inception even before World War I, and reached its greatest period of growth in the second and third decades of the present century. Who dare say, indeed, the present debacle is in no small part accounted for by this culture of pretense? It is not without cause, nor without result, that our modern literature has emphasized dirt, doubt, and despair. When institutions of higher learning began to stress intellectualism, institutions on the secondary and elementary levels fell in line, and when they found their students incapable of doing the work, they lowered the requirements for all, and gave the least inclined "practical courses" and labeled them "training." Hence those who were not interested in an academic education, or who were found unable to "profit" from such an education, were given their diplomas for having done what they could do best. Having completed the hours designated, such students went to college and continued their "practical education," or they could enter at once into the workaday world. This confusion of education and training is still extant.

Even with all the emphasis on defense jobs, with all the apparent need of the practically trained person, the government is discovering that a college degree is not a too reliable criterion. As one of the officials put it, in speaking before a group of college presidents last spring, "The all-important thing for us is whether the applicant can read." It is common knowledge that men with college degrees are often unable either to read or to speak with clarity, not to men-

tion express their ideas in intelligible English. Reading, speaking, and writing are not a part of "practical courses." Shall we marvel that gullible men have been induced to spend more than three million dollars in defense training schools which promise to teach all enrollees within a few weeks how to get a dollar an hour for welding?

With our past stress on making every one literate, plus our emphasis upon the money value of an education, is there any wonder our colleges and universities have been overrun with aspirants for a "higher education"? Parents are willing to make every sacrifice for their children so that they may have the Disciples of Learning lay their hands on their offspring. Not having "this thing called education" themselves, they want their children to acquire it. They think of it as a commodity which can be bought, and all the Johns and Peters in the academic world fail to convince them of their mistaken notion.

There is far less sympathy wasted upon these mistaken but sincere parents than there should be on those who send their children merely for social prestige, or because it is a family or community habit to go to college. This latter class are willing to buy the power of the Disciples of Learning for their children, and some of them pay in stadiums and libraries. One of the best professors of my undergraduate days was recently honored by a banquet in recognition of his fifty years of service. Unable to be present, I sent a letter of appreciation of what he had meant to me. In time he acknowledged my letter, and in his response he said that he was gratified with the honor, but that he believed it might be better to go out and make \$100,000 and erect a building on the campus. To me that statement was tragic. I suffered a feeling that I must have been misled in a favorite professor's sense of values. I have no quarrel with those who build stadiums, library buildings, science halls, but I do not rate their worth on a par with those who build character, develop intellectual acumen, or stimulate the creative imagination of an artist, or inspire engineers to build. The worth of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln was not in their gifts of money. Their monetary gifts are the least of their immortality.

But who should go to college and who should not is not my theme. Nor is what college, or what course in any college, of interest

to me, except insofar as they bear on cultural pretense. With cultural pretense I am concerned. Culture that is genuine is more often an attitude toward something than it is a knowledge about something. And one way to account for our cultural simony is that we have stressed knowledge as such, the *do* rather than the *be*. We have talked about intellectualism; we have measured it and labeled it. Teachers have been sent out of our teacher-training institutions thinking in terms of I.Q.'s, and of children only as carriers of I.Q.'s, from which they could take a kind of blood-count and predict their future and educate them accordingly. We may smile at, when we do not damn, the psychoanalysts, call them charlatans; nevertheless, much of our educational procedure during the period between the first and the second World War was not wholly free from a like taint. Man is not primarily a thinking machine, and any effort to educate him as such is disastrous.

We have emphasized a false culture, because we have associated it with wealth and social position on the one hand, and on the other, with mere skills and trades. Now culture may be found among the socially prominent just as well as among the socially unknown. It can be possessed by the tradesman or the skilled laborer just as well as by the college professor or the minister. The production of Shakespeare's plays in an army camp is not incongruous. Becoming a Hellene in ancient Greece did not depend so much upon birth or adoption as upon the ability to assimilate Grecian culture. So with genuine culture in our own time. It depends upon the person and his attitudes far more than it does upon his occupation. Saint Paul was proud of his Roman citizenship, but on his preaching tours he earned his living by tentmaking.

Occasionally culture is associated with one who has a college degree and who has read books; perhaps owns a library. Unfortunately it has become confused with mere politeness and the ability to follow Emily Post. It has very little to do with the "gentlemen sitting in his library with a volume of Montaigne in his hand, a glass of old port at his elbow, and a quotation from the original Greek on his lips."

Cultured people will be courteous, more than likely they will read. They are not courteous, however, merely because they are cultured; nor do they read merely because they are cultured. Rather

their behavior grows out of something within them that is deeper than any label, and that something accounts for their culture, their courtesy and their reading. The cultured know nothing of "minimum essentials." Burke could quote with ease from the Bible, or Milton, or Vergil. Burke was not educated on "how little he could get along with." Culture knows no minimum essentials; nor is it purchasable.

Yet one could easily be led to believe that culture is purchasable, for do we not have pretentious commercial organizations which advertise it as a commodity? We can take courses by correspondence which promise to lead us to the very door of an academic degree. We can earn while we learn. We can buy one book which will give us the equivalent of a high-school or a college education. Colleges and universities that have streamlined their courses to meet the present emergency are already behind the claims of these correspondence schools. Let us hope the emergency will not drive the colleges and universities into making education a name and not a deed.

With so many pretenders, why shouldn't culture be dragged from its legitimately high position? With so many pretenders, who will admit he is the only cultured one? This way went *genteel, gentleman, lady*. Soon shall we be reading magazine articles on "Who Wants to Be Cultured"? Perhaps we shall have as many uncomplimentary adjectives made from culture as we have from Sophist. But, like Socrates' plea before the Athenians, when he told them that if they put him to death "you will not injure me so much as your own selves," so with those who put culture "to death": they will not injure culture so much as they will injure themselves.

Undoubtedly we have made too much over the accomplishments of mere reading. Obviously the cultured person reads, but he does not need a patented book list to direct his reading. Nor does he need Adler, Kerfoot, or Powys to tell him how to read. He is not interested in O'Connor's proof that a large vocabulary goes with business success. You will find him only rarely listening to a professional reviewer who requires an hour to mingle dramatization with reading. He does not belong to the Cult of the Moderns, who must read every book before it is a month old.

These readers are those who take their reading, as Burton Rascoe

has said, "as natural and as inevitable a function as eating, drinking, bathing, taking exercise and sleeping." Or again, for them reading is what it was for Dr. Samuel Johnson when, in answer to the King's inquiry why he had written nothing recently, he answered, "Sir, I must read."

Most of the how-to-do books are not read by those for whom they are intended. Mr. Adler tried to make his charges large enough to include even the otherwise educated. But there is a vast difference between reading such books and in applying their advice. Such books have been on the market for two decades. They inflate the reader's ego. They lead him to think that he is not past redemption. At best they are a kind of serum treatment which loses its influence before it accomplishes any lasting good. But Simon Magus wants the treatment—if he can buy it.

The mere reading of the best list of books, or the week's best sellers, regardless of whose method we use, will not make us cultured. The cultured man is likely to read, is likely to read the best books, and from his books he is likely to acquire a certain knowledge, a basis for judging human nature. Reading should not replace the other natural and inevitable functions of a person's life.

Earlier I spoke of the false educational emphasis upon intellectualism. This emphasis seems to regard man as a being all intellect. It ignores that he has a body. It disregards the emotions. It divides the man, and on the assumption that only one part of him should be educated, proceeds to train his intellect. Only in very recent years have educators sensed the importance of the emotions. It was only after the biologists stopped the study of parts as unrelated to the whole, and began studying them as being determined by the whole of which they are parts, that education began to think of the child as a whole. More recently we have begun to speak in terms of the emotions. We place a problem before the whole child. Once we treated a reading defect as a kind of disease, apart from the victim. Now we treat the whole child, and at times, his family as well.

It is patent that so long as our educational procedure limited itself to the improvement of the intellect, reading was done for the very utilitarian purpose of gathering information. The emotions

were submerged. Feeling was excised. In 1830 Tennyson noted that his Alma Mater was no longer educating the spirit or the emotions. He wrote:

Nor yet your solemn organ pipes that blow
Melodious thunders thro' your vacant courts
At noon and eve: because your manner sorts
Not of this age, wherefrom ye stand apart,
Because the lips of little children preach
Against you, you that do profess to teach
And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart.

The tests of an educated man formulated some years since by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who is both educated and cultured, are now rather generously quoted and very generally accepted. I think the person of culture will have all these qualities. For convenience, they are listed as follows: (1) correctness in the use of the mother tongue, (2) refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought, (3) sound standards of taste, (4) the power and habit of reflection, (5) constant intellectual growth, and (6) the power to translate thought into efficiency.

You will note that each quality is "practical," although the first three are often decried by those who do not have them. A person can hardly lay claim to culture if he lack those three qualities. Dr. Charles W. Eliot wrote in 1909 that "A cultivated man should express himself by tongue or pen with some accuracy and elegance." Max McConn wrote in 1928 that in the Gentleman's College the curriculum "should include a somewhat rigid course in the mechanical essentials of English composition; for the young people in question must become reputably literate." And in his Real College, Professor McConn says the purpose is to be culture, by which he says he means "appreciation of books, art, nature, and human beings," as a means to culture.

The pretender, the parvenu, the person who wants to "buy" his culture, who wants only a veneer, is not likely to have to any noticeable degree any of the traits mentioned by Dewey, or Eliot, or McConn. Like Simon of old, they want to buy the ability to perform miracles. They want a six weeks' course in welding so that they can make a dollar an hour. One of our copybook maxims of

forty years ago was a quotation from an Englishman to the effect: "Don't ask if a man has been through college. Ask if college has been through him." A college degree does not guarantee that the holder can read, write, or speak.

Quiller-Couch says in his third lecture on Shelley that "no man can usefully study Economics or any like 'science' unless he brings to it some proportionate view of life as a whole; that nowhere, so far as I am aware, can he learn that proportionate view but in the great authors, and that, *if he get this right, or so far as he gets this right*, he has learnt the qualifying imagination which alone fits him to handle human affairs."

With the emphasis upon mere knowledge, with an education that trains the intellect alone, we shall not have "a proportionate view of life" to bring to our science studies. We find students expecting to get Economics from the Economics class; History from the History class; and Literature from the Literature class. A recent text in literature is so planned that the student is expected to get the music, art, and literature which should go with the writers studied in a given period. But students coming from high schools where diplomas are awarded to graduates for having completed so many hours in Agriculture, so many hours in Shop, and so many hours in whatever other field the student happens to feel interested in are not going to have a background in music, art, and history in the Renaissance. We'll assume that the criticism can be acquired in college. Such graduates are splendidly fitted to receive a smattering of culture, and an education despoiled of any sense of values. Nevertheless, they seem to be happy in their ignorance.

Visiting at a university recently, I asked two students what one quality they thought of first when they visualized a cultured person. The first student answered "poise"; the other, "friendliness." I think they are not far wrong. It is easy, of course, to think of an uncultured person who is also "friendly." It is not easy, however, to think of an uncultured person who has "poise."

I think I should include "poise" in my list of qualities commonly found among unquestionably cultured persons. It is patent that there are degrees of culture, just as there are degrees of taste. Likewise there are variable degrees of the elements found in culture.

There is no one pattern of culture. There isn't because the cultured person will have individuality. His creative imagination enables him to be different. The poise of a child from a cultured home will likely be patterned somewhat on the culture of that home; nevertheless, children from different although unmistakably cultured homes will display different patterns of poise.

Culture makes one more loving, even more lovable. I overheard a group of students talking about an instructor whom they had known over a period of years. Each one remarked about a palpable change which had come over him. Finally, one student expressed what all were trying to say when she said: "He has mellowed in his culture." There is quality of sympathy, even of empathy, in the character who has "mellowed in his culture." Shelley wrote, "Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave." Then Shelley quoted Wordsworth:

The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket.

Obviously the man of culture will not be afraid of work, or look indifferently upon those who do work. Emerson taught that the practice of some form of manual labor was essential to culture. Dr. Eliot agreed with him. Culture does not depend upon ability to live without work. The brand purchased by parvenus may depend upon freedom from work, but genuine culture requires one to be a useful member of society. Great men of culture have usually concerned themselves with the conditions under which other men work. They are as much interested in the Jane Addamses as in the Maud Adamses.

Without attempting to define religion, for far more have a conception of the word than can define what they mean by it, I shall include that as a quality of culture. I know I am inviting controversy when I mention this quality, but for me no person can hold an intelligent view of the basic concepts of life without having some conception of religion. I care not for such a one's denomination. He may be Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. I do care for the "pro-

portionate view of life" which one needs to bring to the solution of life's problems.

The advertisement reads, "I Made Myself Over in 6 Days." Well, one can't accomplish the feat of becoming cultured with such expediency. We have thought we could buy culture just as Simon Magus thought he could buy the gift of God. Culture isn't something we can put on and take off at will. It is something we "grow," something which requires cultivation, nurture. It is not acquired by taking a course in personality development, or by reading anybody's book. All such courses are as entertaining as crossword puzzles, and for cultural purposes, about as satisfying. The hands of Peter and John were the medium through which the Samaritans received the Holy Ghost; but neither the hands nor the Disciples were the Holy Ghost.

How shall we learn to call for it by its full name? If the spurious is so prevalent, so easily obtained, how then shall we acquire the genuine? Perhaps the best way is to associate with those who have culture. One needn't expect to find them in the next city, or on the East Coast only. Some of them live down my street, and doubtless down yours. Some go to our civic clubs, our churches. Some of the cultured are found in books. Certainly they are more likely to be in books than in pool halls and shoe-shining parlors.

Then culture can be acquired? I think so. At least we are not born with it. What may depend upon birth are the predispositions. And they may atrophy if they are not used. Children respond differently to different environments. So do adults.

What is unpardonable is the sham culture which is offered for sale during normal times. Against this type our educational systems should prepare their products. We teach children to analyze propaganda. Why not teach them to detect and scorn sham culture? It is often the outcome of misleading propaganda.

Instead of teaching high-school boys and girls what genuine culture is, we seem to teach them to acquire pretense. We say by implication, and often in direct words: Don't be cultured: be imitators of the cultured. Don't labor too strenuously to acquire culture: buy it from those who give themselves out as some great ones. Should we not know the futility of such instruction?

There is no culture in an Axis concentration camp. None in a warfare against people who have scorned culture, and who regard men and women as worthless animals to be shot down. What we must remember is that, whenever this war is over, we pay more attention to the bird's-eye view of life, and less to the worm's-eye view; more attention to fruits and less to roots. We need a culture that does something to a man's life; to his thinking and his living.

LINCOLN AND THE THEORY OF SECESSION

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

ANY PEOPLE anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a *most valuable and sacred right*, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such that can, may revolutionize and make their own way into any or so much of the territory as they can inhabit."

This is not Calhoun speaking, or Jefferson Davis, or Alexander Stephens. It is Abraham Lincoln, speaking in the Congress of the United States, on January 12, 1848. The sentiments thus earnestly and vigorously expressed show that there was a time when he was entirely in sympathy with the doctrine and the attitude of the South. Within a few years political exigency persuaded him to alter his views. The day was to come when what he had regarded as "a most valuable and sacred right" he viewed as something entirely different. The South does not, indeed, think that, all things considered, great blame can be attached to him for this change in viewpoint. A shrewd man in public life has to trim his sail to the storm. Yet it is of almost acute, and certainly of exciting, interest to discover that Lincoln regarded secession as a vital privilege of any people.

Not long ago, there came to me as a part of a legacy a library that had been formed prior to the War for Southern Independence, and during that conflict. In looking over a huge old scrapbook made up of clippings from newspapers of 1860-65, I encountered a memorable document. It was a copy of the Secession Ordinance of South Carolina. I read it thoughtfully. Its likeness to the Declaration of Independence was startling, though perhaps it resembles more closely those preliminary miniature declarations of Williamsburg and Mecklenburg. For purposes of study and reflection I laid side by side the Declaration and the Secession Ordinance.

One feature made me compare the documents with especial interest: ancestors of mine had signed both papers; and the signers of

the one were, I take it, every whit as brave, as honest, and as troubled as the signers of the other. Here, to be sure, were two groups of patriotic gentlemen, equally aggrieved. Nor, in my heart, can I be less proud of the part my father played as a Confederate colonel than over the part that Edward and John Rutledge played in the Revolutionary War. I do not consider either war "wicked" or "unholy"—as both, especially the latter, some writers have termed. But in the one case, the rebels, being successful, were crowned by their grateful countrymen with glory and honor; in the other, being unsuccessful, the rebels lost, not only their cause, but almost everything else in the way of fame and other emoluments. Herein we judge faultily, making mere success the standard of our estimate. There are heroes who fail. The reader will forgive the personal references that I have just made. They illustrate, as perhaps nothing else could so well, the long injustice done the South by stigmatizing her amazingly gallant struggle for liberty as mere "treason." In stark principle the South contended for a continuance of the very kind of freedom that Edmund Burke championed for America; for the very freedom that Washington won. This was the cause for which Lee fought, the cause for which Jackson died on the field of honor. It is likewise the only kind of freedom that today holds together the vast British Empire—the freedom of local privileges and immunities.

"There can be no question," says Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, the English historian, "but that secession was revolution. It is always difficult to analyze the motives of those by whom revolution is provoked; but if a whole people acquiesce, it is certain proof of the existence of universal apprehension and deep-rooted discontent. This spirit of self-sacrifice that animated the Confederate South has been characteristic of every revolution which has been the expression of a nation's wrongs; but it has never yet accompanied mere factious insurrection."

A great people, millions strong, under great and virtuous leaders, marching in concert to battle, must have believed in a great cause. I will say, moreover, that the people of the South not only were possessed of what they believed to be honest and noble convictions, but that these convictions were noble. The South not only *believed* her cause was just; but what she believed to be true *was*

true. At least, to deny that she was right is to repudiate the Declaration of Independence. As Edmund Burke said of the rebellious Americans in 1775, we may say, with perfect propriety, of the Americans of 1860: "To prove that they have no right to their liberties, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate without attacking some of those principles or deriding some of those feelings for which our ancestors shed their blood."

Horace Greeley, in the *New York Tribune*, February 23, 1861, wrote: "We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, is sound and just; and that if the Slave States, the Cotton States, or the Gulf States only choose to form an independent nation they have the moral right to do so."

On the tenth of April, 1861, only five days previous to the call for seventy-five thousand soldiers, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, in an official communication to the American Minister to Great Britain, wrote: "For these reasons he [the President] would not be disposed to reject a cardinal dogma of theirs [the Secessionists], namely, that the Federal Government could not reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest, even though he were disposed to question that proposition. But, in fact, the President willingly accepts it as true. Only an imperial or despotic government could subjugate thoroughly disaffected and insurrectionary members of the State. This Federal Republican system of ours of all forms of government is the very one which is most unfitted for such labor."

It seems apparent, therefore, that *secession* is one of the securities of freedom, the degree of its virtue depending on the nature of that from which we secede. Secession has always been in history the straight road to liberty. Luther seceded from Rome; the Puritans were secessionists; the American patriots of 1775 were secessionists in politics; the abolitionists seceded from the Constitution. Any dissenter who carries his protest to the point of action must of necessity be a secessionist; and his action is not likely to be long delayed when precedents are ample. Southerners remembered Jefferson's ideas; and they found it difficult to subscribe to the belief that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness constitute arrant

rebellion. Yet, I think, sovereignty had begun to pass from the States to the Government. The creature had become greater than its creators.

And I believe the South had forgotten or overlooked the fact that since the promulgation of the Constitution, no fewer than twenty states had been added to the original thirteen, and these states really owed their creation to the federal power, which had first organized them as territories. While, for a long time after the close of the Revolution, it was difficult to deny the right of a state to withdraw from the Union, for it could have declined to enter it, times change all things, even the nature of a constitution. A marriage vow may be terminated by divorce; but it, like a constitution, may be a live thing, the tearing apart of which may mark the beginning of disintegration and disgrace for individuals and for families. The South, pathetically trusting an ancient thing which had changed, tragically honorable in her purposes, failed, I think, to see the change that the Union had really undergone. The great states of the West into which immigration had poured, states which really had no relation to the original Federal Union, but were conceived by the government itself—of the significance of these states my country seemed unaware. Had the war been between the North and the South, the South would undoubtedly have won; but the war turned out to be a battle between the South and all the rest of the nation. The odds were insuperable, and the South lost. A Confederate officer once told me of a parley he had with a Federal, when one had captured the other.

"Where do you hail from?" asked the Confederate.

"Minnesota."

"*Where?*" returned the other incredulously. "Hell, man, we aren't fighting the Northwest!"

A short time ago, while stopping at the home of a friend in the Valley of Virginia, I was shown two formidable hatchet-like weapons. The handles were twenty-six inches long, and the heads exactly like the steel tomahawks with which the Indians were supplied by the French, except that these were three times as large. They were two from the fifteen hundred captured from John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Such were the weapons with which he purposed to arm the Negroes of the South; such were the weapons with which the whites of the South were to be massacred. In all my reading of the history

of those times; in all my talk with soldiers of both armies, and with noncombatants of that decade, nothing ever so stirred my sympathy for the South as the sight of those two grim claymores, palpable symbols of a sentiment that the South had every reason to dread. If any man today does not understand how the South felt in 1860, let him with a full appreciation of what he holds, take in his hand one of John Brown's huge tomahawks. I do not believe that his view of American history will fail to undergo a radical transformation. The South felt that her right to secede—a right which Lincoln himself had earnestly defended—was undeniable; and she felt that the reasons for secession were far more than adequate. Moreover, if it is true that the real temper of the Republican party was made manifest during Reconstruction, the South's fears were wholly justified. What the South dreaded really happened. When one is alarmed for his own life and the lives of those dearest to him, poetry loses, for the moment, its appeal. That is the reason why the measured beauty of the First Inaugural brought no reassurance to the South. Rather the people of the South remembered with misgiving the words which the new President had spoken at Fort Leavenworth: "I shall be forced to deal with those who oppose me as others have dealt with old John Brown."

The South had no reason to doubt then what is now generally accepted by the impartial historian as a fact: that Lincoln contributed to the fund which John Brown was raising for his Harper's Ferry venture. Horace Scott Knappe, in his *History of the Wabash Valley*, thus relates the circumstances: "A wild-looking man came into a store at Ashland, Ohio, where H. S. Knappe had taken his son, Trivette, to buy a pair of shoes, and asked for the proprietor. Trivette pointed to the desk in the back of the store. The wild man, who was John Brown, said to the proprietor that he was raising money to buy pikes to arm slaves. The proprietor said he was in favor of freeing the slaves, but that he was not in favor of any violence. John Brown, pointing to the paper, said, 'Why, look here!' And there was Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, Illinois, on the list for \$100."

"Southern pride, too," says Woodrow Wilson, "was stung to the quick by the position in which the South found herself. The agitation against slavery had spoken in every quarter the harshest moral censures of slavery and the slaveholders. The whole course of the

South had been described as one of systematic iniquity; Southern society had been represented as having been built upon a wilful sin; and Southern people had been held up to the world as those who deliberately despised the most righteous commands of religion. They knew that they did not deserve such reprobation. They knew that their lives were honorable, their relations with their slaves humane, their responsibility for the existence of slavery among them remote."

There was, moreover, a fundamental political cause for Southern apprehension. This was based on the fact that, in the entire history of our country, Lincoln was the only purely sectional President, and he had been elected on a purely sectional issue, by a minority of the voters. The South felt keenly that the Union was henceforth to be one in which an actively hostile power was, slowly but surely, to gird about, to diminish, and eventually to destroy the influence, the prestige, and the civilization of the South. In this view, history shows us that the South was right. Precisely what she feared happened.

Of the danger of sectional elections, President Washington had solemnly warned the colonies in his Farewell Address. The constituency to which President Lincoln owed his election was not merely politically hostile to the South, but physically hostile. They were not so much antislavery as anti-Southern. Lincoln, in his patriotic farewell speech to his friends at Springfield, voiced his deep misgiving. I know he would have been happier had the whole nation elected him. I do not believe that he had then, or ever had, any personal hostility to the South; and I, as a quite incurable Southerner, believe that every American today should do the memory of Lincoln the simple justice of believing that he never had any malice in his heart toward any part of our country. The bigger the heart, the less place there is in it for malice. The nature of Lincoln, it seems to me, was incapable of that malice which is the fomentor of most of the trouble in human relations. But it must be equally manifest that he did not fully comprehend the issues before him.

But while we heartily admire now the spirit of Lincoln, we must remember that in those days he was but imperfectly understood. His humanism was by no means fully developed or manifest. On the other hand, the South had many real enemies, all of whom had voted for Lincoln. Among these, of course, were the

arrant abolitionists, and in a slightly lesser degree, the philosophers of New England. For all their transcendentalism and their Brook Farming, they never learned that elemental moral injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The fact that Southerners were far removed and were slaveholders did not prevent their being neighbors.

As early as 1843, the poet Whittier had, in a long poem of serious intent, described Virginia, mother of the presidents, as "the soil of sin." And Lowell and Emerson had been even more intemperate. Emerson's hatred of the South has of late come out curiously in his *Journal*, wherein he refers to the Southern students in Harvard as "bladders of conceit, who talk so much about horses and dogs that they are horses and dogs." The influence of these men was perhaps greater than that of men of the Garrison type, for they were supposed to be conservatives. But it was their vituperative quality that led Edgar Allan Poe to declare with whimsical sagacity that it was a fortunate thing for the slaves that their masters were not philosophers of the New England school. What the South suffered for thirty years in the way of vilification and active menace against her mere physical welfare rendered secession a necessary step. Under the circumstances, withdrawal from the Union seemed far more justifiable than the American Revolution. England taxed us; but she never systematically abused us, and she never threatened us with insurrection of slaves. A Virginia historian has well observed, referring to the gathering momentum of this hatred:

There arose in certain Northern states a party which found for itself more political profit in using the existence of slavery as a means of stirring up factional and sectional strife, than could be gained by cooperating in the efforts of slave-owners themselves to get rid of this ancient yoke, which rested as heavily upon the white man as upon the black. Intemperate oburgation took the place of any sensible discussions of the questions involved. Violent, malignant, and vicious abuse of the people of the South comes sounding down in raucous uproar out of those times. At the same time that these people engendered discord between the two sections of the country, there were placed powerful obstacles in the way of that large party in the South who were trying to get rid of slavery. While denouncing slavery, state after state in the North and West passed laws making it impossible for a man who wished to free his slaves in the South to obtain land for them in any other states where negroes were free. The difficulties of transporting freed negroes to Africa were almost

insuperable. The freeing of slaves and leaving them in states where slavery existed was of little or no benefit to the freedmen.

And, it may be confidently added, their presence would have been a constant economic and social menace. If it could have been arranged that all freed Negroes might take up their habitation in New England, I am quite sure that the operation of such a plan would have caused an immediate subsiding of that sinister wave of emotional imagination that we know as abolitionism.

In a conversation with a Kentucky lawyer, I asked him why, in his opinion, Lincoln, a man eminent for his sanity and his poise, should have taken so radical a stand on the great questions of that day—a stand by which, judged by the "house divided against itself" speech, must inevitably bring war. His answer impressed me as voicing a truth about Lincoln that perhaps has never before been discerned; yet it is most significant.

"Abraham Lincoln," he said, "was essentially in the political field. All his interests, all his talents were political. Judge Douglas, his opponent, had, like Webster, taken a temperate, conciliatory attitude toward the South. Lincoln was obliged to take other ground; and the more widely it differed from that of his rival, the better. Had Judge Douglas taken the radical stand, Lincoln doubtless would have taken the conciliatory one. But in one way or another his position had to be sufficiently definite to establish a following. No other real course was left to him save the one he took. It is a mere matter of history that great newspapers like the *New York Times*, the *Tribune*, and even the *Springfield Republican* did not like Lincoln's radicalism. It meant, they seemed to sense, disunion and bloodshed. Whither else could it lead? Only after our country had been led into war did these journals climb on the bloody bandwagon."

According to John M. Avent, a recent editor of Lincoln's works, "The 'house divided speech' was a ringing challenge to the South." It was. It was a speech that meant war and nothing else. To the South it appears that while personally Abraham Lincoln was a man of peace, politically he was a man of war.

Lincoln declared that a house divided against itself could not stand. He further declared that, in his judgment, slavery would

either be exterminated, or else it would be legalized in every state. The South can never understand a statement so sweeping and radical. Moreover, it utterly misrepresented the wish of the South: her only desire was self-preservation. She cannot believe that a more radical stand than Lincoln's could have been taken. Surely, too, it was extravagant to declare that the South wished slavery legalized in all the states. All the South wanted was enough power to keep her safe; less she could hardly have asked. All she wanted was to be let alone with her own form of civilization, her own economic system. As Basil Gildersleeve has well said: "If the secrets of all hearts could have been revealed, our enemies would have been astounded to see how many thousands and tens of thousands in the Southern States felt the crushing burden and the awful responsibility of the institution which we were supposed to be defending with the melodramatic fury of pirate kings. We were born to this social order, we had to do our duty in it according to our lights." What divided the nation was not the holding of slaves, but rather the malediction which, for thirty years, the abolitionists heaped upon the South. In this militant fanaticism, with a strange want of taste, judgment, and understanding, many of the greatest names in American literature were tempted to join: Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell. No man today needs better proof of their utter wrongness than to observe casually how exceedingly dead are all those works by these great men which deal with excoriating the South. Things in literature perish because they are not true. I am told that Longfellow lived to be ashamed of his antislavery poems, which were beneath the dignity of his genius and certainly far below the capacity of his understanding. The amazing approbation which this powerful group of publicists accorded to John Brown's raid, gave the South a shock from which she never recovered. It was a spiritual revulsion of that nature which creates sick-hearted, certain, and profound distrusters.

Similarly menaced, what would the North have done, or the West? We are not to judge by the light of today, but by the situation as it existed at that time. Any other part of the Union, apparently as menaced as the South then was, would, I believe, like the South, have acted as bravely, as independently, as honorably, as justly as she did. Nor must it be forgotten that the Republican platform of 1860 offered the South apparent security in withdrawing

peaceably from the Union, for it declared that "the invasion by armed force of any state, *upon any pretext whatsoever*, is among the worst of crimes." But as soon as the South withdrew, she was assailed.

As late as 1926, Gamaliel Bradford, surely a tolerably zealous Northerner, declared, in his *Life of Lee*, that, in the event now of the secession of Massachusetts, he would do precisely as Lee did—go with his state. And doubtlessly every true son of New England would do exactly the same thing; and every son of Ohio, and of California, and of Illinois, and of Alaska. Local patriotism has as much virtue and far more reasonableness than national patriotism.

Probably more was expected of Lincoln than of any other American president. His responsibilities were more than he would have been obliged to carry, had he not brought them upon himself. Feeling ran so high that it was doubtful if his inauguration could be quietly effected. In every state men talked peace and prepared for war. Secession, which Lincoln had once advocated as "a sacred right," he now had to encounter as a force disrupting the government of which he was the duly elected head. The President's position was peculiarly painful and difficult. He tried to calm the North, to reassure the South; yet he did not fail to declare that he would use stern measures if they were necessary. He made, perhaps, too many speeches, and all of them tactless, on his way to Washington. At Independence Hall, after referring to the Declaration of Independence, especially to the idiotic sentence that all men are created equal, he said: "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

Does not this mean that he would prefer death to a failure to emancipate the slaves? Surely Jefferson never had the Negro slaves in mind when he wrote the immortal Declaration. And surely, if conciliation were intended, the quotation just cited could hardly have been calculated to put the South at her ease. Lincoln was guarded in his Inaugural; but apparently he blurted out the truth at Independence Hall.

That the powerful and sagacious mind of Lincoln was baffled by the strange and cruel complexities of the time is likely; nay, was inevitable. But that he at length took a course out of those com-

plexities which saved the American Union and all its benefits for posterity is a matter of history. And he did it with no precedent to guide him, no law to sanction him, as shall presently be shown. With a vast vision of the future before him, he broke completely with the past and with precedent. The South only wishes that he had chosen the way of peace instead of war.

Our Nation, from the time of its birth, has been familiar with secession. It was conceived by secession: the thirteen original colonies seceded from England, and, under the Article of Confederation of 1776, formed a union or a confederacy. In 1836 Texas seceded from Mexico. In 1861 West Virginia seceded from Virginia, and in this secession was encouraged by the national government. In 1898, when Cuba seceded from Spain, we lent that island dependency our aid. President Theodore Roosevelt, in 1905, arranged to have Panama secede from Colombia. During the earlier days of the Union the right to secede was generally recognized. This right was asserted more than once by states of the North, who later refused to allow the South to assert the same claim. Massachusetts was a believer in the right to secede when John Quincy Adams declared on the floor of Congress, at the time of the admission of Texas as a state, that New England ought to secede, while the Hartford Convention threatened similar steps when our country was engaged in the War of 1812. The language of their resolution is memorable: "Whenever it shall appear that these causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint, among nominal friends, but real enemies, inflamed by mutual hatred and jealousy, and inviting, by intestine divisions, contempt and aggression from abroad."

At West Point, where many of the leaders of both North and South received their training, Rawle's *View of the Constitution* was taught. It held that if a state seceded (showing that it was an acknowledged fact by the Constitution that a state had the right to secede) the duty of a soldier reverted to his state. Hence, Robert E. Lee, Thomas J. Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, and others, acting upon this instruction, cast their lot with their states in 1861. The Black Hawk War came soon after Davis left West Point. Among the brave young men who volunteered was Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, Illinois,

and he was "mustered into service by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, of the United States Army." This is the only record that these men ever met or were brought in personal contact with each other.

With the Southern view of secession Lincoln could not sympathize, though he had ardently advocated the theory. As President he claimed that he had to take an entirely different stand. My study of him has not led me to believe that any one in particular helped him to determine what stand he should take. The Constitution did not assist him. His oath of office did not compel him to coerce seceded states. In claiming the Union to be perpetual, as he did in the First Inaugural, he assumed an original, startling, and noble position. No one advised him that he should or could do it. But his capacious intellect directed him to take a stand at once daring, new, and impregnable—a stand for the eternal union of the Disunited States.

But it is to be everlastingly lamented that he could see no way out of the difficulty save warfare. War is one of the easiest and stupidest things to start—at any time, at any place. For at least thirty years wise men had been striving to maintain peace; and they had not wearied in their labor. The South believes that the gallant old Ship of State was never more clumsily handled than from March to July, 1861. My Northern friends tell me that they share the belief that landlubbers must have been manning the splendid old craft. Anybody could have declared war; that was what Lincoln did. The genuinely sagacious thing would have been to preserve peace. It is amazing that Lincoln, smart lawyer that he was, did not use all his astuteness to that end. It is amazing, but it is accountable: he did not avoid war because, underestimating the earnestness and the unity of feeling in the South, he evidently believed that the struggle would be of ludicrously short duration. What reasonable mind can doubt that, had Lincoln foreseen the nature of the aggressive warfare which he was initiating, he would have completely changed his plans? No sane man would ever have started the Civil War could he have visioned the extent of the coming calamity. The South is sure that, had President Lincoln understood her and understood the deep questions at issue, his voice would inevitably have been for peace and not for war.

It has sometimes seemed to me that, had Lincoln been a student of Burke, his entire attitude toward secession would have been radi-

cally different. Burke warned the Parliament of 1775 against regarding the Americans as mere insurrectionaries. He declared, in his great *Conciliation*—a speech which I heartily wish Lincoln had read and deeply pondered: "It would seem to my way of conceiving such matters that there is a very wide difference, in reason and policy, between the mode of proceeding on the irregular conduct of scattered individuals, or even of bands of men who disturb order within the state, and the civil dissensions which may, from time to time, on great questions, agitate the several communities which compose a great empire. It looks to me to be narrow and pedantic to apply the ordinary ideas of criminal justice to this great public contest. I really think that, for wise men, this is not judicious; for sober men, not decent; for minds tinctured with humanity, not mild and merciful."

The lover of truth will readily apprehend that Lincoln failed to discern this essential distinction which Burke so clearly makes manifest. In short, George III and Lincoln made about the same kind of mistake: in both cases the citizens were alarmed and aroused by injustice; in both cases, not conciliation, but war was used to attempt to solve the difficulty; in both cases the use of force led to irretrievable disaster: in the one, England lost America; in the other, America lost more than half a million gallant sons, untold treasure, the old union, and, worst of all, those bonds of affection which had originally united the colonies in the common cause of freedom.

There is hardly a thoughtful American of this age who will not concede that the South was practically driven out of the Union; that Lincoln's refusal to listen to any pleas for peace by members of his cabinet, by Congress, and by the Confederate peace commissioners is one of the greatest blunders ever committed in history. There are those who declare that Lincoln from his election, in November, 1860, to his declaration of war on the South, in April, 1861, showed remarkable patience and forbearance. The reverse is true. He had no power until March 4, 1861; and he had not been in office six weeks before war was inaugurated. It was Lincoln who made the South secede; it was he who, by dispatching a formidable fleet against Charleston, compelled South Carolina to fire on the flag. The South, and lovers of truth everywhere, are compelled to accept these facts. The South saw clearly then, and still sees, that the great government which she had done more than her share to establish had fallen

into the hands of a new party, not only purely sectional, but, in no small degree, both physically and spiritually hostile to the South. Such a calamity had never before happened in this country, and to minds of even meager discernment it could presage nothing for the South save humiliation, dread, danger, and the ultimate extinction of her civilization. Such was the peril against which Washington had pleadingly warned his countrymen in his Farewell Address. Abraham Lincoln brought on his country the fearful catastrophe which Washington implored posterity to avoid. The course Lincoln pursued, but for those trivial chances which may win or lose battles, or causes, would have utterly destroyed the American Union. Peace would have preserved it entire, with no loss to any one.

It would seem difficult for the South, adhering to the truth as she does, to come to an ardent admiration of Lincoln. He is so different from a forthright character like Lee, who had nothing of the politician in him: all was candor, manliness, self-effacement. In the case of Lincoln, one has continually to be on guard for the politician. Lee's stand on the war has simple grandeur: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor." Lincoln, the South believes, became great by patience, courage, and fortitude. But he was essentially human in that, in accomplishing much, he ruined much else, so that he looms as but a doomful mortal figure.

THE STAGE HISTORY OF *FRANKENSTEIN*

ELIZABETH NITCHIE

THEATRICAL HISTORY, as well as that of empires, sometimes repeats itself. The last few years have witnessed on the screen a double bill—"We double dare you to see this double scare show of the century"—of *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*. On the London stage of 1823 *Presumption; or the Fate of Frankenstein* trod on the heels of *The Vampyre* and was crowded off the boards in its turn by *Der Freischütz*. "Terrific! Mysterious!" shouted the playbills of the 1820's. "Fearsome! Ferocious! Frightful!" scream the advertisements of the 1940's.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the creator of *Frankenstein* and his Monster, could hardly have anticipated the numerous dramatic versions of her novel—eight serious melodramas, seven burlesques, and four moving pictures. Interested in the theater from her childhood, so that the prospect of seeing a play was a pleasure exquisite enough to take away her appetite for dinner, she wanted to write for the stage. Shelley urged her to attempt a tragedy—*Charles the First* or *Myrrha*; with his help she composed two verse plays, *Proserpine* and *Midas*, for which he furnished the lyrics; after his death she tried seriously to write a drama on Manfred.

As to a tragedy [she wrote to Maria Gisborne in 1835], Shelley used to urge me, which produced his own. When I returned first to England, and saw Kean, I was in a fit of enthusiasm, and wished much to write for the stage, but my Father very earnestly dissuaded me. I think that he was in the wrong. I think myself that I could have written a good tragedy, but not now.

Godwin's earnest dissuasion included the discouraging sentences: "Your personages are mere abstractions—the lines and points of a mathematical diagram—and not men and women. If A crosses B, and C falls upon D, who can weep for that?" So Mary threw all her "halting verses" into the fire. No manuscript of hers in dramatic form has apparently survived, except those of *Proserpine* and *Midas*; none was printed except *Proserpine*, which appeared in one of the annuals; no play by her found its way to the stage.

But if her desire had been only to see the creatures of her imagination in action, it would have been amply satisfied from the time that she returned to England in 1823 until the time of her death, and the ghost of that "sedate-faced young lady" whom Hunt described might have come back many times to sit in her box and watch Frankenstein and his Monster. Whether she would always have retained that sedateness, as she seems to have done in the face of some dramatic incidents in her life, it is hard to say. What she thought of some of the burlesques of her novel or even of some of the serious melodramatic versions, we shall never know. Although she may have commented on those produced in her lifetime in letters now lost or in conversation, we have only the record of her response to the performance by Wallack and T. P. Cooke in Peake's *Presumption* in 1823. On September 9 she wrote to Leigh Hunt:

But lo and behold! I found myself famous. "Frankenstein" had prodigious success as a drama, and was about to be repeated, for the twenty-third night, at the English Opera House. The play-bill amused me extremely, for, in the list of *dramatis personae*, came, "———", by Mr. T. Cooke"; this nameless mode of naming the unnameable is rather good. On Friday, August 29th, Jane, my Father, William, and I went to the theatre to see it. Wallack looked very well as Frankenstein. He is at the beginning full of hope and expectation. At the end of the first act the stage represents a room with a staircase leading to Frankenstein's workshop; he goes to it, and you see his light at a small window, through which a frightened servant peeps, who runs off in terror when Frankenstein exclaims, "It lives." Presently Frankenstein himself rushes in horror and trepidation from the room, and, while still expressing his agony and terror, ["———"] throws down the door of the laboratory, leaps the staircase, and presents his unearthly and monstrous person on the stage. The story is not well managed, but Cooke played ———'s part extremely well; his seeking, as it were, for support; his trying to grasp at the sounds he heard; all, indeed, he does was well imagined and executed. I was much amused, and it appeared to excite a breathless eagerness in the audience. It was a third piece, a scanty pit filled at half price, and all stayed till it was over. They continue to play it even now. . . . On the strength of the drama, my Father had published, for my *benefit*, a new edition of "Frankenstein" . . .

Had she wished, Mrs. Shelley might have gone, that same year, to see two other serious melodramatic versions of the story at the

Coburg and the Royalty and three burlesques at the Surrey, the Adelphi, and Davis's Royal Amphitheatre. In 1824 she might have seen *Presumption* revived at the English Opera House and at Covent Garden and witnessed a fourth burlesque at the Olympic. In 1826 she might have seen at the Porte St. Martin in Paris a melodrama in which T. P. Cooke played the Monster for part of the run, and a burlesque at the Gaieté. In London a translation of the French piece was produced at the West London Theatre, a sixth romantic melodrama at the Coburg, and a revival of *Presumption* at the English Opera House, after Cooke's return from Paris, with an entirely new last scene. Through the years that followed there was scarcely a season which did not include the revival of one or other of the melodramas, at Covent Garden, the Adelphi, the Surrey, the Victoria, Sadler's Wells, and the provincial theaters. On Boxing Day in 1849 the Brothers Brough staged a sixth burlesque at the Adelphi; on Christmas Eve in 1887 a burlesque by "Richard Henry" was produced at the Gaiety; and within the last fifteen years there have been two serious dramas in England and four American-made films.

All these versions and burlesques (only two or three of which have been known to students of the Shelleys) were made, even in her lifetime, without consulting the author of *Frankenstein*, unless, perhaps, she was responsible, directly or through influential friends, for the change in 1826 in the closing scene of *Presumption* "conformably with the termination of the original story." At that time an author was not protected by any form of copyright. On June 4, 1829, Charles Bucke, author of *The Italians*, presented a petition to Parliament on the ground that "having published his tragedy, the Petitioner had made it amenable to the appropriation of all licensed theatres throughout the kingdom; this right of appropriation, theatrical managers assume, not on the basis of any existing law to justify the usurpation, but on the absence of all law to prevent it." He asked, therefore, for such a law; but it was not until 1833 that the Copyright Bill, introduced by the Honorable George Lamb, was passed and a Dramatic Authors' Society was founded to enforce it. If the author of a published play had no protection and slight redress from the depredations of the theatrical managers, the authors of published novels had probably even less. Almost every successful novel, especially those by Scott, was immediately staged, often in

several versions at several theaters, and burlesques and distortions soon followed. Even a mere title had its advertising value: *The Last Man*, presented at the Olympic in 1845, though its plot bears no resemblance to Mary's story, is said on the playbill to be "partly founded on Mrs. Shelley's thrilling novel of that name."

The annuals of the nineteenth century, too, must have been good hunting-grounds for the anonymous hackwriters attached to the various minor theaters, who may often have had to devise "an entirely new melodrama" at fairly short notice. The tales, many of them unsigned, in the *Keepsakes* and *Friendship's Offerings* offered ready-made plots. Change the background and the names of the characters, add a bit of complication, condense the action, supply a few songs—and there was the new melodrama ready to go into rehearsal. Even some of the songs may have been culled from the various annuals and anthologies of the period. Shelley's "Good Night," which had been published first in Hunt's *Literary Pocketbook* for 1822 and then in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824, appears rather incongruously in J. B. Buckstone's *Theodore the Brigand* of 1830 as a duet sung by Bosco, Theodore's friend, and his sweetheart. This kind of piracy was evidently practiced upon some of Mary Shelley's tales. In the *Keepsake* for 1829, which was published during the last months of 1828, appeared "The Sisters of Albano." The plot, with a few changes in names and incidents and with a happy ending, reappeared in *The Sister of Charity*, which had a long run at the English Opera House in 1829, and in a less successful melodrama, *The Sisters, or the Brigand of Albano*, at the Adelphi later in the same year. *Dmitri the Outcast, or the Klepht of the Evil Eye*, produced at the Royal Victoria in 1835, was presumably (although I have been able to find neither manuscript nor playbill for verification) a dramatization of Mary's short story, "The Evil Eye," in the *Keepsake* for 1830, since this was a tale of a Klepht named Dmitri who was an outcast and who was accused of having the Evil Eye.

With no legal hindrance, and with every encouragement in the immense success of Peake's play, it is no wonder that hack dramatists and stage managers made capital out of one of the most original mystery melodramas of the day. The decades between 1820 and 1850 were years of great popularity for the melodrama. They were years, too, when the love of the supernatural and of the macabre and

the horrible was very strong, as attested by the popularity of such plays and operas as *The Vampyre* and *Der Freischütz*. Edward Fitzball asserted that his *Flying Dutchman* was by no means behind *Frankenstein* or *Der Freischütz* in horrors and blue fire. In the *Opera Glass* for October 9, 1826, appeared a poem of ten stanzas on "The Devil Among the Players"—*Faustus*, *Frankenstein*, and *The Vampyre*. Once Peake had shown the way, therefore, other writers, named and unnamed, naturally followed. It is surprising only that *Frankenstein* had not been adapted for the stage before 1823. Possibly the attitude toward Shelley was in part the cause of the delay. The morality of a story which, as everyone knew, was the work of Shelley's wife, might have been questioned even more generally had it been presented to the English public in visible form before Shelley's death. As it was, there were protests, even to the extent of a placard which, according to the *London Magazine*, "was stuck about the streets, professing to come from a knot of 'friends of humanity,' and calling on the fathers of families, &c, to set their faces against the piece." And this happened even though S. J. Arnold, the producer, had put upon the playbill for the opening performance not only a quotation from the Preface to the novel but also the statement: "The striking moral exhibited in this story, is the fatal consequence of that presumption which attempts to penetrate, beyond prescribed depths, into the mysteries of nature." The very title—*Presumption! or, the Fate of Frankenstein*—underlined and pointed the moral.

That such placards had no harmful effect upon the success of the play—indeed one periodical surmised, with reason, that they might only stimulate curiosity—is abundantly clear. Mary Shelley says that when she saw it on August 29 it was a third piece and was played to a scanty pit filled at half price. But that was its twenty-third performance and it had led the bill until Mathews began his annual "monopologues" on August 18. Throughout the month the playbills had been bristling with such phrases as "thunders of applause," "breathless interest," "crowded and elegant audiences," "immense overflow," with emphasis on the unimpeachable MORAL as well as the new and striking EFFECTS. On August 14 the bill announced: "Presumption: or, the Fate of Frankenstein notwithstanding the abortive attempts which have been made to prejudice the

Publick, being fully established, will be acted until further notice." It ran until October 4, the end of the season, having been produced thirty-seven times. It was revived at the English Opera House and at Covent Garden the next two years, though the novelty, *Der Freischütz*, finally crowded it out, and in 1826 it had another fairly long run, being played thirteen times at the English Opera House, a record which was not surpassed and was equaled only by Mathews's immensely popular *Jonathan in England*. Meanwhile it had crossed the Atlantic to New York in 1825 and it had gone out to the provincial theaters in England and Scotland.

Pleased and amused as Mary was by *Presumption*, she was dissatisfied, it will be remembered, with the management of the story. And well she might be, if she expected to see upon the stage any adequate representation of the breadth and depth of her novel. The exigencies of the theater left no room for the character of Walton, whose scientific curiosity and loneliness reinforce the two major themes of the novel, and no time for the gradual development of the Monster's acquaintance with the world, the sequence of his abortive attempts to serve the men and women whom he was so ready to love, and the repeated experiences which turned that love into hatred and a desire to injure and even to destroy his creator. There was no time either for the moral struggle of Frankenstein over the creation of a mate for the being whom he had doomed to loneliness, or for his long, relentless pursuit of the monster after the death of Elizabeth. The dramatist must concentrate on the horror of Frankenstein's presumptuous experiment. He must condense and knit together the scattered episodes of the novel and devise an ending to replace the dramatically impossible death of Frankenstein from exhaustion and exposure on Walton's ship and the departure of the Monster over the ice fields to the North Pole, there to make of his sledge his own funeral pyre. He must, in conformity to the conventions of the melodrama, introduce songs and incidental music and produce some comic relief. Richard Brinsley Peake, it must be admitted, succeeded fairly well in accomplishing these ends, although the critic for *The Drama* insisted that the theme of Frankenstein was too bold a task for him, "a magic circle where he must not tread," and would have preferred George Soane with his "Germanic temperament." He threw the full weight of horror upon the

Monster himself, partly by the use of effective spectacle and partly by the reduction of his killings to two; and he solved some of the most difficult problems in presenting such a character by listing him among the dramatis personae as "(——)" and by never allowing him to speak. He secured a kind of unity by making Elizabeth Frankenstein's blood sister and the betrothed of his friend Clerval instead of his foster sister and his own bride, and by uniting in the character of Agatha de Lacey the girl whom the Monster saved from drowning and the fiancée of Frankenstein. He devised as denouement the death of the Monster and his creator in an avalanche loosened by Frankenstein's pistol shot, a conclusion which most of the dramatic critics approved, in spite of its suddenness, for, as *The Drama* said, "it is natural to suppose that the end of such an abortive creation could only be brought about by some terrible convulsion of nature."¹ About the music and about the comic relief in the persons of the servant Fritz and his wife, the dramatic critics differed, although most modern readers would probably agree with *The Drama's* estimate of them as "those nonsensical frivolities, which are so unsparingly interlarded . . . , and which greatly detract from the interest of the piece." Yet when it was revived at the Adelphi in 1833, compressed into two acts (a fairly common fate of popular stock pieces to make them more useful in filling up a program), it was preceded by Winter's *Grand Overture to Calypso* and enriched by several additional "introduced" songs—partly for the benefit, perhaps, of Clara Novello, who played the part of Madame Ninon.

The secret of *Presumption's* success was partly its novelty, partly the spectacle, and largely the superior acting of Wallack and Cooke. Of the novelty it is unnecessary to do more than speak. Here was a new and better Vampire, here was a fit predecessor to Zamiel and all his brood that were to follow. Although one dramatic critic, speaking contemptuously of the novel and the play, could flout the originality of the idea, referring to "a factitious man made by chemistry in one of D'Israeli's fictions," no one had ever seen such a creature with his own eyes. And the Monster was the chief element in the

¹ Yet in 1826 this ending was changed and *Presumption* was produced "WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW LAST SCENE, conformably to the termination in the original story, representing A SCHOONER IN A VIOLENT STORM! In which FRANKENSTEIN and THE MONSTER are destroyed." (Playbill of the E. O. H. for September 20, 1826.)

spectacle. The playbill of Covent Garden of July 9, 1824, announced, in capitals of mounting size: "Among the many striking effects of this Piece, the following will be displayed: Mysterious and terrific appearance of the Demon from the Laboratory of Frankenstein. DESTRUCTION of a COTTAGE by FIRE. And the FALL of an AVALANCHE." But the Demon, as contemporary accounts would indicate, must have been the most mysterious and terrific. From one magazine we get a vivid description of him: his green and yellow visage, his watery and lack-lustre eye, his long-matted, straggling black locks, the blue, livid hue of his arms and legs, his shriveled complexion, his straight black lips, his horrible ghastly grin. One daily critic compared him to a wax representation of a victim of the plague in a Florentine museum. It is doubtful whether Mr. Boris Karloff, with all the aids which cinematic technique can give him, looks any ghastlier or frightens any more people into fits than did T. P. Cooke.

Cooke's acting, however, made of this creature something more than a wax image of decay and horror; it stirred in some at least of the spectators and critics human interest and even a trace of the sympathy which Mary Shelley herself intended her novel to produce. Wallack, as Frankenstein, also was highly successful. He headed the bill and was obviously intended to be the chief actor. But T. P. Cooke stole the show. Although both are praised by the critics, Cooke's performance is called "unparalleled," and, with only a breath or two of unfavorable comment, he is commended for his remarkable portrayal of the Monster's awakening to sense impressions and of his fluctuating emotions—all, of course, in pantomime. "With the art of a Fuseli," said *The Drama*, "he powerfully embodied the horrible, bordering on the sublime and the awful." When Wallack withdrew to keep other engagements, the play went on with undiminished success; and until Cooke finally abandoned the part for his famous nautical roles, his name and the title *Frankenstein* (*Presumption* was often so referred to) were almost synonymous. Frankenstein might come and go—Wallack, Rowbotham, Bennett, Baker, Perkins, Diddear—but the Monster was forever Cooke, "the very *beau idéal* of that speechless and enormous excrescence of nature." It almost seems as if he might have been responsible for the common confusion that transformed "the Frankenstein monster" into "the monster

Frankenstein." He took the role with him: *Presumption* was presented for the first time in Covent Garden at the benefit of Mr. Cooke and Mr. Connor, "by permission of S. J. Arnold, Esq.," manager of the English Opera House; it formed part of his repertory when he toured the provinces; he was invited to go to Paris in the summer of 1826 "to look ghastly" for the benefit of the French. Mr. O. Smith filled the role acceptably after Cooke had exchanged his blue paint for the blue of a sailor's costume and was dancing hornpipes instead of leaping the laboratory staircase; but he apparently never equaled the creator of the part.²

The various versions of the story which followed *Presumption* had, of course, much in common with it. The basic idea and the main characters remained fixed. There were certain matters of setting, costuming, and stage business which became traditions rarely to be broken by dramatist, producer, or actor. The laboratory at the top of a staircase leading from the back of the stage, with a door for the Monster to break down and a window for the frightened servant to peer through, was part of the setting for each play. There was almost invariably a cottage to be burnt. The Monster always leaped the railing of the staircase; he always seized and snapped Frankenstein's sword; he always experienced wonder at sounds and was charmed by music. He was always nameless. He was always painted blue. These things were accepted as conventions and passed into the realm of casual allusion.

But there were also many differences. The Monster seemingly had as many lives as a cat, and each life necessitated a different end. In 1823 at the English Opera House he perished in an avalanche, at the Coburg in a burning church. In 1826 he was killed by a thunderbolt in Paris and at the West London Theatre, he leapt into the crater of Mount Aetna at the Coburg, he died in an Arctic storm at the English Opera House. In the twentieth century, on the stage he committed suicide by a leap from a crag in 1927 and was shot to death in 1933; on the screen he apparently was consumed in a burning mill in the first Frankenstein film and in an explosion in the second, only to be revived and perish once more in a pool of boiling sulphur, and finally—one hopes—he returned as a ghost. Other melo-

² The contemporary engraving of Smith as the Monster does not represent him as very terrifying.

dramatic changes and additions were made. Milner's 1826 version (he was responsible also for *The Daemon of Switzerland* at the Coburg in 1823) transplanted Frankenstein to Sicily to the court of the Prince of Piombino—one of Irving's early roles—brought Frankenstein's deserted wife and child and her aged father on foot from Germany to Sicily in search of him, exposed two boys, the sons of Frankenstein and of the Prince, to the violence of the Monster, and ended in a series of scenes picturing the wild pursuit up Mount Aetna, with no dialogue but with a sufficiency of violent action, confused shouts, and agonized shrieks. The Paris version left not one person alive at the final curtain, and, as *Le Journal de Paris* reported, it would have been difficult to do more unless one killed also the prompter and the musicians in the orchestra. The last two films double the horrors by adding a criminal cut down for dead from the gallows who uses the Monster for his own nefarious purposes.

Some of the versions softened the horror by sentimentalization of character and incident. Milner's 1823 version, according to the playbill, took every care to avoid any possible objection in Principle and Morality and instead of being offensive to the Fastidious, conveyed an Instructive Lesson. The *Daemon*, in the opinion of the reviewer for *The Drama*, "was so heavily laden with speeches, tinged with moral maxims, that he appeared lost in a mist," and "so much endowed with the milk of human kindness" that he preserved his creator twice from destruction. In 1861 Ferdinand Dugué rewrote Merle and Antony's 1826 success, *Le Monstre et le Magicien*, adding to the characters the Phantom of the first wife of Zametti (the Parisian Frankenstein), who vainly tries to turn him from his purpose, rises to protect her child from the Monster, and at the end of the play, when the Monster only has been killed, tells Zametti to reconcile himself with God, blesses him and his bride, and assures him that after happiness on earth they will join her in Heaven. Miss Peggy Webling, in her *Frankenstein* produced in Preston in 1927, presents a Monster who is childlike and submissive, though repulsive in appearance. With no knowledge of his strength and no understanding of life and death, he crushes a dove in his hand and throws it into the lake, where, much to his delight, it floats. He takes Katrine, Frankenstein's crippled sister, out in a boat and tries to make her float like the dove. Finally, after he has had life, death,

and immortality explained to him, he leaps in remorse from a crag to join Katrine in Heaven, where, he prays, God will have pity on him. The Lord Chamberlain's Examiner found the crushing of the dove the only feature in this play which might offend the sensibilities of the audience. The scenario writer for the first Frankenstein film adopted this incident (but not the ending) with the substitution of a flower for the dove and a little peasant girl for Katrine.

Some of the adapters of the story have emphasized, as did Mary Shelley, the serious scientific interest and enthusiasm of Frankenstein. They are stressed in the play by Gladys Hastings-Walton, produced in Glasgow in 1933, which follows more closely than any other version the original novel.⁸ The author's prefatory note associates the original story with the early nineteenth-century horror of the machine and justifies a revival of it in the twentieth century because of contemporary industrial conditions for which, she asserts, machines are responsible. In the films, *Frankenstein*, *The Bride of Frankenstein*, *The Son of Frankenstein*, and *The Ghost of Frankenstein*, the setting is modern. Frankenstein uses as he thinks electricity but really, as his son discovers, cosmic rays to bring his creature to life. The son, persuaded by his scientific curiosity about his father's work to revive the Monster from a coma, subjects him first to a thorough physical examination, taking a blood-count, testing his blood-pressure and his basal metabolism, and finding all his processes to be supernormal. The blame for the Monster's savagery is placed, not alone on his ignorance or on Man's inhumanity to Man and Monster, but on the accident that Frankenstein used a criminal's brain in creating him. Something of this motive of scientific curiosity and activity is to be found in almost all the versions. Only in the French play of Merle and Antony and in its English translation are the experiments transformed into sheer black magic and the motives degraded to a desire to secure a willing slave.

Some may think that the modern screen versions reduce the story to absurdity. Yet Mr. Willis Cooper and the other scenario writers were probably quite serious. Not so Mr. D. O'Meara, Mr. Herring, MM. de Saint-Georges and Simonin, the Brothers Brough, and "Richard Henry." Their versions were frank burlesques; Peake even burlesqued himself in *Another Piece of Presumption*,

⁸ Yet she calls Mary the daughter of Robert Goodwin.

full of puns, allusions, and parodies of *Presumption*, which opened at the Adelphi on October 20, 1823. Frankenstein was variously transformed into Frankentstich, a tailor who in accordance with the proverb makes a Man out of nine of his journeyman tailors, into Frank-in-steam, an impecunious, body-snatching medical student, into a Parisian sculptor who hopes to bring to life his statue of Aesop, into the Student Senior Wrangler of Brazenface College in the University of Krackenjanzen, into the gay inventor of a mechanical man. The Monster appeared as a Hobgoblin, as the "Blue Demon of the Strand and the Cut," as the composite product of "the Prome-thean bodkin of Mr. Frankentstich," as a resuscitated bailiff, dug writ in hand by Frank-in-steam from the grave where he had been buried in a trance, as the dwarf who impersonates the statue of Aesop, as a mechanical man worked by springs. His end comes in "an awful Avalanche of Earthenware, a Tremendous Shower of Starch, and an Overwhelming Explosion of Hair Powder," in an avalanche of turnips, in the explosion of a Margate steamboat—or in reformation. The two Christmas entertainments got very far away from their source. Said Otto of Rosenberg to the audience in 1849:

You must excuse a trifling deviation
From Mrs. Shelley's marvellous narration.
You know a piece could never hope to go on
Without Love—Rivals—tyrant pa's and so on.
Therefore to let you know our altered plan
I'm here to represent the "nice young man"
And in the hero's person you'll discover
On this occasion the obnoxious lover.

But the Brothers Brough had made more than this one "trifling deviation." They had introduced Zamiel (from *Der Freischütz*), seedy in appearance and out of work, a Fancy Dress Ball, a final ballet in Undine's Palace. Yet they did not discard all the conventions. At the Ball the Monster appears in blue fire and when Frankenstein remonstrates, "You naughty boy, go home," he responds:

I oughtn't to suppress
My raging organ of destructiveness.
Zamiel. Of course we wish him not to.
Frank. Pray, who's we?

Zamiel. The Authoress of *Frankenstein* and me.
 He knows the sort of thing that we require,
 So he'll proceed to set the place on fire.

But Undine puts out the fire, and the Monster is finally tamed by the "magic flute" of Education! "Richard Henry" in 1887 also added complications as well as scenic effects: *Frankenstein* brought to life not only his Monster but the terra-cotta model from which it was made; there were a Vampire Visconti and Mary Ann, a Vampire maiden of low degree—in fact, a whole Vampire Club; the finale was a Planet Ballet. And in this version the part of *Frankenstein* was taken by a woman, Miss Nellie Farren, one of the leading comedienues of the day, who lightly danced through the play, singing the "Shivering Song" and "It's a funny little way I've got."

Only a few of the fifteen dramatic versions are to be seen in print: *Presumption*, Milner's 1826 *Frankenstein*, the two French melodramas, and the French burlesque. Others may be read in manuscript in the Lord Chamberlain's Collection at the British Museum or at St. James's Palace, or in the Larpent Collection at the Henry E. Huntington Library in California. Several—those unlicensed dramas performed in some of the minor theaters—must be reconstructed from playbills, advertisements, and reviews in newspapers and magazines.

That *Frankenstein* through the century was a box-office success cannot be doubted. Although some of the melodramas and burlesques lived only for a few nights, *Presumption*, *Le Monstre et le Magicien*, and Milner's *Frankenstein*, *Frank-in-steam*, *Frankenstein; or the Model Man*, and *Frankenstein; or the Vampire's Victim* all played to crowded houses for long runs. According to the newspapers, in Paris extra police were necessary to handle the crowds, or, in the words of a contemporary verse "Pot-Pourri," *Le Monstre*,

dix gendarmes par personne,
 Afin d'empêcher de siffler.

Although the success of "Richard Henry's" play was threatened on the first night by a riot of pittites, aggrieved because some of the space usually allotted to them had been given to the stalls, on January 7 it was "drawing crowded houses and promises to rank amongst

the most brilliant of Gaiety successes." The popularity of at least the earlier *Frankenstein* films is obvious.

There are other signs of widespread interest and favor beside numerous versions, long runs, crowded houses, and favorable reviews. The tribute of imitation was paid to *Frankenstein*, on the stage by *Wake Not the Dead*, a drama based on a German tale in which a nobleman brings his wife back to life, only to find her a Monster, and in French prose in a tale called *Le Fils de Sorcier*, purporting to be based on a Maltese folk-tale. It was well toward the middle of the century and the end of Mary Shelley's life before the echoes in the periodical press of the presumptuous scientist and of "———" died away, echoes in the form of serious allusion, verse and prose parody, adaptation for political or ecclesiastical satire. *Punch in London* in 1831, for instance, suggested that Mr. O. Smith (T. P. Cooke's successor) be created Lord *Frankenstein*, since he did not think it "fair that the Marquis of L——— should continue to play the devil by himself." *The Episcopal Gazette* in 1832 announced a performance of *Presumption; or, the Fate of Episcopalists* by the desire of John Bull. *The Man in the Moon* in 1847 drafted a sixth act to *Hamlet* in which —— enters through a trap with a strong sulphurous smell and drinks and sings with the Ghost.

The stage history of *Frankenstein* offers one way of taking the pulse of a portion, at least, of the theatergoing public of the last hundred and twenty years. The rate and quality of that pulse and its response to the stimulus of mystery and horror seem to have changed little. Many a periodical writer of the 1820's mourned over the depraved taste of his times as evinced by the popularity of *Frankenstein*, *The Vampyre*, and *Der Freischütz*. What a writer in *The Opera Glass* for October 23, 1826, said of producers and public could probably, *mutatis mutandis*, be said today—that

"true blue" was long the favourite colour of the theatres, the monster's blue for a long time preventing the managers looking blue at the state of their benches. . . . [They] summoned to their aid a host of small wit, and of still smaller sense, succeeding so pre-eminently in the amalgamation of the proportions, that each god retired with a satisfactory growl from his one-shilling elevation, and acknowledged that the mixture was as exactly fitted to his taste as though it had been burnt brandy instead of burnt resin.

The history is also a kind of tribute to the imaginative powers of a young girl of barely nineteen, spurred to creative activity by the high talk about the nature of the principle of life that went on at Diodati in 1816. It is small wonder that Mary Shelley's publishers and the editors of the annuals considered that the best way in which she could sign her novels and tales and poems was "By the Author of *Frankenstein*." Sir Timothy's prohibition of the use of the Shelley name was no detriment to her reputation.

A MODEST DISPOSAL

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

THERE IS altogether too much "escape" reading going on in this country at the moment. Thousands of us are reading Pascal when we should be studying Thorstein Veblen. During periods of peace and stability—the twenties, for instance—we are, for the most part, reasoning animals, and possess the leisure, along with the toughmindedness, to look at our world in a coolly critical, wholly unblinking and unscares manner. In such periods, the popularity of an item like Bertrand Russell's "A Free Man's Worship" bears eloquent testimony to the prevalence of spiritual sanity among us. But now, when sanity and straight thinking are at a premium, we turn, as more and more of us are doing every day, not to Bertrand Russell or H. G. Wells, but to somebody like Sir Thomas Browne—as if older writings on the slightly sticky order of *Urn Burial* could, by some miracle of the printed page, get the world out of the bomb shelters by next Easter.

It is hard for anyone who has never succumbed to the "O Altitude" whimsey of something like *Urn Burial* or *Christian Morals* to conceive how older books of this type (a type to which so many of the older books run) can possibly shed much light on present troubles, superficial resemblances to past ones to the contrary. No consistently thoroughgoing Modern needs to be told that if we pull ourselves out of the messes now plaguing us, we'll have to do it solely by the help of our own bookstraps, so to speak.

The older things are all right in their way, but it would undoubtedly take a genius to see how they can be of much real assistance to us in these trying times. Our problems (we can hardly repeat it too often) were not their problems, and naturally their "solutions" cannot be our solutions, as even a desultory reading of books and articles by our Total Democrats so conclusively demonstrates. Our columnists and foreign correspondents know so much more than the older writers because, as T. S. Eliot once so profoundly observed, *they* are a part of what we know. And although it's not very profound of us, we might add that they (still the older writers) are a mighty

negligible part, too. In fact, the more alert and influential Moderns steal many marches on their tradition-bound brethren by disdaining, simply as a matter of education and out of a deep respect for personality, to clutter up their minds and ours with ideological rubble.

Now is hardly the time to start reading *The Federalist* or John Donne. All that is living and viable in the former is to be found in Harold Laski, Louis Fischer, or Max Lerner. And surely, if one can't throttle the yen to read a little Donne on the side, one should at least have the intellectual decency, the spiritual grace-under-pressure to read him in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. There should be enough Donne in that fighting book to satisfy any of us who like to believe that we are men of our own time, able and willing to think through our own problems, and blessed with the strength of character to refrain from degenerating into mere book-worms. Readers who doggedly plow through Hemingway (or Van Paassen or Rauschning) into the wee small hours have every reason and right, as they fumble for the lamp switch, to inform God proudly that they have stayed with Hemingway (or Van Paassen or Rauschning); that they have resisted the blandishments of John Donne; that they have not—this night, anyway—gone over to the ever-swelling ranks of the tired, frightened escapist.

By capitalizing on this growing tendency of Americans (and Englishmen, too, for that matter) to bury their heads, ostrich-fashion, in some old "classic," the younger and more enterprising publishers are making a killing. They are printing fairly complete editions of such writers as Plato and Aristotle and getting beautifully, i.e., profitably, by with it (no authors' royalties to pay, for one thing, as twenty million Americans would be quick to add, if we didn't).

Since this irresponsibilitarianism in reading tastes, "backward, like the march of a crab," won't be halted in all probability until world affairs are clearly on the mend once more—which may be a matter of months rather than weeks—a compromise of some kind is patently, urgently in order. Publishers, of all people, shouldn't have to be reminded that the war effort comes first today. Not one of them, we like to think, would care to be pointed out in the street (any street, even Wall Street) as a man who is taking the profits and letting the country (and living writers) go. In making concessions to the "production for use" motive, the realization that they were

serving their country would surely make it up to them, even if the knowledge that they were saving a lot of contemporary authors from the ravages of pellagra didn't. And serving their country they most assuredly would be if they adopted our little compromise plan, which, roughly, is this: Continue to bring out the so-called classics (or jitterbooks, if you must), but start bringing them out in this way: divide each page into two equal parts, much like a Van Wyck Brooks page. Reserve the top half for a dead writer's text, the bottom half for a living writer's commentary.

The living writer would be expected to fill in his half of the page with sharp, blistering back-talk; brilliant, eye-opening little causeries suggested by stupid assertions or perverse double talk spotted in the top halves of nearly every page; up-to-the-minute footnote material that would explode old fictions fast becoming our new iconoclasms. The bottom halves of many pages might very wisely be left blank, thus allowing the canny reader to draw the logical inference that the older writer frequently perpetrated such nonsense, and revealed himself as being so far behind our times, that the only charitable treatment was silence.

Understandably enough, there will be a pronounced tendency on the part of our more original and independent minds to ignore almost completely the inanities at the top, and concentrate, at the bottom, on the facts of life, *our* facts and *our* life. This practice the publishers must guard against for many obvious reasons, the most obvious being that the Tahiti spell of the Ancients will never be shattered unless our contemporary minds do it; and they will never do it by setting up shop as creators first and critics later. There will be time enough for their masterpieces *after* they have demolished the pretensions of those books which have too long and too easily passed for such.

By giving a Modern the same amount of space accorded an Ancient (which space he usually won't need by half, since it has long been a truism that we write so much more pithily today), he will at last have the opportunity to expose the essential hollowness and irrelevance of works that far too many of us in these confused days are beginning to take seriously again. The Modern will not, as heretofore, have to rely upon the quoting of snippets to clinch his case against some Ancient, while the reader will no longer be the dupe

of hand-me-down prejudices which have often prompted him to suspect that certain Moderns were not above hitting certain Ancients below the belt.

Through bringing Ancients and Moderns together in this tandem or bifocal arrangement, everything will for the first time be out in the open. Progress in writing and thinking will no longer be a matter of blind faith or guesswork. The reader will more or less get two books for the price of one. The publisher will be combining patriotism (and the patronage of contemporary letters) with profits. The Ancients will find themselves, after all these years, at last being put to the acid test. The young Moderns, scores of them all dressed up and no place to go but New York or Hollywood or back to Wisconsin, can "go" to the Ancients and make names for themselves in no time. The old Moderns, many of them as spry, sound, and plastic in their mental processes at sixty as they were at sixteen, can cap lifetimes of guerrilla warfare against vested notions by annihilating some of the seed-books that first sprouted them.

The publishers will not necessarily have to discontinue their thriving reprint series, old-style. If readers still call for their classics plain—and some may for a while—they will be available. But we have a hunch that before very long, everybody will demand them in what will soon be familiarly known as the "Commentary" or "Colloquy" edition (to *Time* they will be known even more familiarly as "Pop-Offs"). A smart publisher might feature a book like Aristotle's *Politics* in several editions—plain, Laski, or Mencken. And an even smarter one might also feature an "Adler" edition, in which the bottom half of the page would be left blank for the reader to mark up or fill in as the spirit or the top half of the page moved him. (Textbook publishers will doubtless jump at this idea, practically eliminating—as it's bound to—the used-copy drain on college teachers' royalty checks.)

Not that anything can be done about it now, but wouldn't that recent version of *The New Testament*, freshly translated into Basic English by Professor I. A. Richards and other world-famous Biblical scholars, be more widely appreciated for what it is, if it had been handled according to our plan?

Just to get the more timorous publishers off on a best-selling foot, here are a few suggestions:

Some of our distinguished literary refugees—taking their cue from W. H. Auden, who has already put the native authorities on Paul Bunyan to shame—could bring up to date earlier refugee writings like Crèvecoeur's *Letters from an American Farmer* or Nathaniel Ward's *Simple Coder*. Other refugee authors might have reasons of their own for wanting to modernize such a chronicle as Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation*, wherein may be discovered such quaint museum pieces as "The Mayflower Compact" and "A Communistic Experiment Abandoned."

Matthew Arnold was fond of repeating the charge that the poet Gray failed because he never "spoke out." If any poet has spoken out at every turn in our time, it is Archibald MacLeish. His peeling blast against The Irresponsibles was so disconcerting that many of them, like E. E. Cummings, went around for days muttering tags from the speeches of Alexander Hamilton Washington ("Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. . ."), never once realizing that by taking rhetorical refuge in the Founding Fathers, they were only substituting one form of Shallot-ism for another. The writings of that earlier Irresponsible, Henry David Thoreau, are again coming into vogue, and who is better fitted than the Librarian of Congress to spike this ominous trend, already much larger than a man's hand?

The current stampede to Lewis Carroll is likewise a sort of Fifth-Column activity that the F. B. I. is not exactly prepared to cope with. Booksellers are always reporting his works out of stock. Some public-spirited publisher ought to get after Stuart Chase and see that he does a *Tyranny of Alice* or a *Tragedy of Lace* while there is yet time.

According to a recent article in the *Nation*, Montaigne continues to be the favorite author of present-day France. This bit of information should tell us worlds about both Montaigne and fallen France. We haven't fallen yet in this country; but at the rate we are falling for Montaigne, we soon may.

And if too much reading of the wrong things can in time be fatal to a people, it can also be fatal, literally, to individuals. We suspect, for example, that Miss Dorothy Thompson made the nearly terminal error of boning up on Lessing's *Laokoön* before going to see *Fantasia*, because, if *Time* is to be believed, that movie gave Miss

Thompson an almost apoplectic turn. Why not let Walt Disney do the *Laokoön*? If he would, a lot of us with one-track sensibilities—and we are legion—might hereafter be saved a great deal of esthetic confusion and emotional wear and tear.

But to go back to even older and more firmly entrenched despotisms over the human mind. (Perhaps we ought to remark in passing that the radio program, "Invitation to Learning," which millions of Lotos-Readers swear by, will have much to answer for if the Republic falls.) Isn't it about time for a final, once-and-for-all demolition of Aristotle's *Poetics*? We would gladly exchange our tickets to William Saroyan's latest play for a copy of his show-up of the *Poetics*. The crack, "There but for the grace of Saroyan goes God," is, we are told, the reigning cliché on Broadway, today; but we predict that if Saroyan can be persuaded to tackle this long-overdue assignment, the paraphrase, "There but for the grace of Saroyan goes Aristotle playing God again," will, in its turn, become the reigning cliché in the Harvard Yard, tomorrow.

In conclusion, here are a few other suggestions for "Pop-Offs" (we might just as well get used to the term) which certain publishers might never think of: President Roosevelt could do *The Compleat Angler* (and so could ex-President Hoover, for that matter); Vice-President Wallace, *Horace*; Secretary Ickes, Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*; Westbrook Pegler, Hazlitt's *The Plain Speaker*; Edgar Lee Masters, *The Canterbury Tales*; Kenneth Burke, Ade's *Fables in Slang*; Francis Hackett, *What "Mr. Dooley" Means to America*; James T. Farrell, *Penrod*; Erskine Caldwell, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*; Walter Winchell, Aubrey's *Brief Lives*; Wen—but this could go on indefinitely, and we may be getting trivial, anyway.

Readers can make up their own "tandems," and it will be good fun and even better patriotism. As for those publishers earlier referred to as timorous, they can probably induce the editors of our leading literary journals to conduct Gallup surveys to determine which Moderns could most profitably be yoked to what Ancients, thereby retaining their butter at the same time they are casting their bread upon their country's waters.

L. L. POLK: A GREAT AGRARIAN LEADER IN A FIFTY-YEAR PERSPECTIVE

CLARENCE POE

FIFTY years ago this year the farmers not only of North Carolina and the South but of America mourned the death of the best-loved leader they have ever had—Colonel L. L. Polk (1837-1892). And while it was in the field of agricultural organization that his chief fame was won, he also deserves remembrance for other historic contributions to North Carolina's progress and welfare. Hence it seems well worth while to look back fifty years and attempt a summary and appraisal of his career, and especially since we now witness the final triumph of that long fight for "Equality of Agriculture" for which he was once America's most eloquent and best-loved voice.

Leonidas Lafayette Polk, a distant kinsman of James K. Polk of the adjoining county of Mecklenburg, was born in Anson County, North Carolina, April 24, 1837—one hundred and five years ago. He lived the usual life of a middle-class North Carolina farm boy until at the age of fourteen he was left an orphan. The next four years were spent on the farms of relatives and attending the community schools. During youth's most impressionable years, therefore, young Polk learned first-hand the hardships and problems of poverty and farming—a knowledge which was to color and influence all his later years.

Then as always Polk was wholesomely ambitious. The rural school only whetted his desire for further study. Accordingly, in 1855 he found a way to enter Davidson College and for two years there studied available subjects related to scientific agriculture; in 1857 he married Miss Sarah Gaddy, daughter of a prosperous Anson County planter. Probably with the aid of a generous father-in-law, the old Polk homestead was bought, and the young couple launched forth into the business of farming and homemaking on their own plantation.

But young Polk was destined for a wider field of service than looking after his Anson County farm. In 1860, when he was only

twenty-three years old, he was elected as a Whig to the State Legislature. Immediately faced with the question of secession, he fought against it with intense earnestness until Lincoln called on North Carolina to furnish troops to war against her sister Southern states. From that time on Polk was heart and soul in the Confederate cause.

He was immediately commissioned a colonel and assigned to the task of organizing a regiment of troops from Anson County. The organization completed, he resigned his commission and enlisted as a private in the 26th N. C. Regiment, under the command of Colonel Zebulon B. Vance. Although he was tendered the captaincy of a company, he preferred to serve in the ranks. However, he later accepted appointment as Regimental Sergeant Major, where his personal contact with Colonel Vance developed a warm friendship which lasted as long as both men lived. Under fire forty-one times in a single summer (1863), he was wounded at Gettysburg and fought in the battles of New Bern, Kinston, Washington, Plymouth, Drury's Bluff, North Anna, Hermon Junction, and the Seven Days Battle around Richmond. In 1864 Polk was nominated by his comrades as the "army candidate" for the Legislature and elected by a majority over seven other candidates. In the Legislature his services on the Committee on Education gave him a larger knowledge of the educational situation in North Carolina—another step in his preparation for larger work ahead.

The war ended, Polk returned to his Anson farm. With the aid of a few faithful ex-slaves who would not leave him, he and his wife began life over. To relatives and friends who would settle thereon and till the land, he gave small tracts of his plantation, thus building up a community which has since borne the name of Polkton.

Once again, however, his people summoned him to a larger service. Anson citizens overwhelmingly elected him to represent them in the Constitutional Convention called by President Johnson to rewrite the Constitution of North Carolina. Polk spent the day of the election on his farm plowing. His hand is still seen in the constitutional provision requiring that there be established in connection with the University of North Carolina "departments of agriculture, mechanics, and mining." His own early inability to find agricultural courses in any North Carolina college thus caused him to

take the first opportunity to try to bring about a change in this situation.

From 1865 to 1874 Colonel Polk tended his farm and devoted his attention largely to local matters. His one outside activity was as lecturer of the State Grange. On April 16, 1874, he published the first issue of *The Ansonian*, a farm and local news weekly sponsoring the Grange and farmers' clubs and specifically demanding the establishment of a State Department of Agriculture. The last-named fight he waged with especial zeal, and finally in 1877 the State Grange, meeting at Goldsboro, invited representatives of the University of North Carolina, the State Agricultural Society, and members of the legislature to meet a committee from the Grange to work out plans. Colonel Polk, representing the Grange, was elected chairman of this conference and largely directed its deliberations. The outcome was the creation by the Legislature of 1877 of a "State Department of Agriculture" to be directed by a Board of Agriculture, with a commissioner (who was required to be a practical farmer) in active charge of the Department.

The new Board at its organization meeting unanimously elected Colonel Polk to serve as North Carolina's first Commissioner of Agriculture. At that time there were no agricultural schools in the state, no extension service, no farm demonstration work, and the Commissioner of Agriculture was the pre-eminent official spokesman for North Carolina's farming industry. Polk assumed his new duties on April 1, 1877, served till 1880, and from 1880 to 1886 was principally active in Grange work and other agricultural activities.

Distressed by the agricultural poverty of the time, he constantly emphasized the need for two major remedies: first, "Equality for Agriculture" in all national legislation; and second, a Southern campaign for diversification and better farming under the leadership of agricultural colleges with branch schools in every county. A pioneer crusader for live-at-home farming, he declared: "We may join all the farm organizations that can be devised, but hard times will hover around our firesides so long as we buy our meat and bread, hay, fertilizers and other farm supplies, and attempt to pay for them from the proceeds of one crop."

It is the remarkable distinction of Colonel L. L. Polk as a North

Carolina agricultural leader that he may with good reason be called the founder of the State Department of Agriculture, the founder of its state agricultural college, and the founder of its most largely circulated farm publication.

It was really through *The Progressive Farmer*—founded by him in Winston-Salem on February 10, 1886, and removed to Raleigh a little later—that he carried to a triumphant conclusion his fight for a standard land-grant agricultural college which he had really begun not long after the Civil War—certainly as early as 1872. As Mr. F. F. Cohoon, Vice-President of the North Carolina Farmers' State Convention, wrote some years ago:

At the opening of the First Agricultural Fair in the fall of 1872 Col. L. L. Polk made the address and was introduced by Col. W. F. Martin. His first utterance was a request that he wished to know how many of his comrades in the late war were present and all present were asked to hold up their hands. In those days soon after the Civil War many were living and many were at this fair. The speaker requested all others to give way and let his comrades come nearest the stand.

Then, after presenting an outline of the first part of this speech, Mr. Cohoon observes that Polk made this its main burden and climax: "Let's establish an agricultural college somewhere in North Carolina—with its branch schools in every county as feeders to the main school." Mr. Cohoon writes in conclusion: "I do not remember ever meeting Col. Polk that he was not advocating the farmers' college."

Editorial after editorial Colonel Polk printed on this subject. He reported what Virginia was doing through V. P. I. He enlarged upon the great work of the Mississippi A. and M. College at Starkville under the leadership of his now famous Confederate comrade, General Stephen D. Lee. These and examples of successful state agricultural colleges in the North were put before the farmers of North Carolina as illustrating the sort of institution they should have.

This program was soon carried out, and with great success. A legislature largely composed of farmers had been elected in 1887, and two mass meetings of farmers held in Raleigh in January, 1887, demonstrated such powerful popular support for Polk's idea that

further opposition to it became almost hopeless. The first meeting, a voluntary and informal conference of farmers with the State Board of Agriculture, was captured by friends of the Polk movement, and Colonel Polk meanwhile had called for an official mass meeting of all the organized Farmers' Clubs of the state, to be held in Raleigh on January 26. Elias Carr was elected permanent chairman, and the first important action of this militant and largely attended convention was the passage of a resolution introduced by Colonel Polk: "We should have an agricultural and mechanical college, which should receive \$20,000 annually of the funds of the Agricultural Department, \$25,000 annually from the State Treasury, and the \$7,500 annually from the Land Script fund now applied to the State University, to maintain said Agricultural and Mechanical College." Later he was named on a committee to draft resolutions presenting this idea to the State Legislature.

Colonel Polk had declared all along that the Watauga Club's proposed trade school for instruction in "woodwork, mining, metallurgy, practical agriculture, etc.," in some one city would be too seriously localized and too poorly supported to meet the state's need even for industrial education, the Watauga Club bill as passed in 1885 having made no direct appropriation whatever and having only "authorized" the Board of Agriculture to supply \$5,000 a year of its "surplus funds." Friends of industrial education, therefore, including the Raleigh Board of Aldermen, suggested that the Watauga Club's limited trade-school plan be merged with the farmers' more ambitious plan for a Standard Land-Grant State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. The act of March 3, 1887, embodied this idea, and two years later the "North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts," now the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering, began its victorious and fruitful career.

It should also be said in this connection that the triumph of the North Carolina farmers in thus establishing their land-grant college gave new hope to Dr. Charles D. McIver in his fight for a "normal and industrial college for women" (just as it heartened Benjamin R. Tillman in South Carolina in his fight to establish Clemson and Winthrop), and it is to our so-called "farmers' legislature" of 1891 that we owe the establishment of our North Carolina College for

Women at Greensboro—and also the establishment of the State Railroad Commission as the final culmination of a fight Colonel Polk began in the State Grange in its meeting in 1876 for state regulation of freight and passenger rates.

All these other activities only illustrate the breadth and range of Colonel Polk's interests. But as Mr. Josephus Daniels has well said:

"This one thing I do"—*organize the farmers*—was his life work. If he turned aside to other things, his heart was in the big thing that seemed to him to have been realized as he passed away. He died with the glow of full achievement warming his heart and with the love and confidence of the farmers of America in larger measure than they had ever given to any other one of their leaders.

As early as 1872 he had been actively engaged in organizing local Granges throughout the state, and his first paper, *The Ansonian*, was made the official State Grange organ. The January, 1887, state farmers' mass meeting held in Raleigh, besides formulating the final plans for creating the A. & M. College, adopted Colonel Polk's idea of organizing the farmers of all the cotton-growing states. A convention at Atlanta, Georgia, was proposed and when it organized as "The Interstate Farmers' Association" Polk was made president, re-elected at its annual meeting in Raleigh in 1888, and again at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1889—each time by acclamation.

In the late eighties Southern farmers were rapidly realizing their opportunity and were organizing in every state. In Texas the "Farmers Alliance" had gotten well under way; in Louisiana, the "Farmers' Union"; in Tennessee, "The Wheel"; in North Carolina and many other states, the Grange. But all had similar objectives, the same background, and the same general problems to deal with. The Texas "Alliance" conceived the idea of uniting the various farm organizations into one great "National Alliance" and sent out a committee to make the proposal to the other states. Colonel Polk became a member on July 8, 1887. Rapidly the national order began to assume form. The same year the North Carolina Farmers' Alliance was organized with S. B. Alexander president and Polk secretary, and at the first national convention of the Alliance in Shreveport, Louisiana, he was unanimously elected vice-president. In 1888 Polk went to South Carolina and organized that State Alliance,

and to Virginia to help the organization there. The next National Alliance convention at Meridian, Mississippi, in 1888, was given over almost entirely to expanding the order to include the ten state organizations of "The Wheel."

At the 1889 national meeting in St. Louis the organization was extended to include the "National Alliance of the Northwest" and a working agreement with the "Knights of Labor." This convention elected Polk president, and a tremendous expansion followed under his leadership. He was re-elected national president at Ocala, Florida, in December, 1890, where the historic "Ocala Demands" of the Farmers Alliance were formulated largely by him, and again at Indianapolis in November, 1891, the last two terms unanimously and without opposition.

Of Colonel Polk's services as President of the National Farmers Alliance, two things deserve to be said:

1. Under his leadership the Alliance, with a membership reaching 2,500,000 or more, became the most powerful farm organization in the history of the American people.

2. As a Confederate veteran himself, campaigning and appealing to Northern states whose farm citizenship was then overwhelmingly composed of Union veterans, he possibly, and I think probably, did more than any other man of his generation to break down sectional feeling between the North and the South.

Of course, not all the Farmers Alliance demands were sound. But on the whole, this nation-wide agrarian movement produced reforms whose good influence will last probably as long as our nation endures. Older persons can remember when the "Ocala Platform" was regarded as the last word in agrarian radicalism. For this reason it is extremely interesting to look back and see how completely its main objectives (except free silver and reduction of government expenditures) have now been enacted into state and federal legislation. Here are the nine chief planks in this Magna Charta of Farmers Alliance demands:

- (1) Government loans to farmers at 2% on (a) nonperishable farm products and (b) real estate.
- (2) Maintenance of such a volume of money in circulation as will equal \$50 per capita.
- (3) Prohibition of gambling in cotton and produce exchanges.
- (4) Free coinage of silver.

- (5) Tariff reduction on necessities of life.
- (6) Graduated income taxes.
- (7) Reduction of government expenditures.
- (8) Public control of railroad rates, telegraph rates, etc.; if control fails, then government ownership.
- (9) Election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

Allan Nevins, biographer of Grover Cleveland, while disapproving its free silver advocacy, nevertheless declares of the Farmers Alliance movement: "Few social movements in American history have possessed as much justice as the agrarian revolt of the Nineties. It is the special glory of this Populist revolt that it carried into American politics a broad program of progressive ideas that almost without exception have since been written into law."

William Allen White attributes to this agrarian movement (then generally called "The Reform Movement") the inception of the most significant national reforms brought about by William J. Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Robert M. La Follette. I have myself heard Bryan bear similar testimony. North and South, East and West, but especially in the South and West, went Colonel Polk in those days, and wherever he went there was a shaking up of corporation-controlled political machines, railroad-owned legislatures, and of governors and lawmakers who were the puppets of special interests regardless of their party affiliations. Writing in the *Charlotte Observer* in 1902, Mr. C. S. Wooten, an able and scholarly North Carolinian, asserted:

No man on earth ever achieved such a political revolution as Polk did in Kansas in 1890. The state had gone 80,000 Republican in 1888 and in 1890 went overwhelmingly for the Reform Movement, defeated Ingalls, the idol of Kansas, and at that time the most learned man in the Senate. Polk produced it by his eloquence. No man in this country ever equaled him in achieving such a victory. I was in Texas in 1891 and I heard a man from Kansas say that he had voted for Lincoln the first time, and had voted the Republican ticket ever since, but he said he could not help following Col. Polk, for, said he, "Polk is the greatest orator I ever heard and I want to see him President." Wherever he went over the state, the people flocked to hear him and were fascinated and charmed by his matchless eloquence. I never saw any man have such a winning smile when speaking. It is no wonder that he should have had such a power among the industrial classes. If ever you sat under the

witchery of his eloquence, he would steal your heart away. He gave his life for the cause of oppressed humanity.

We now come to the last of Polk's historic achievements. To him more than to any other man perhaps is due the organization of the greatest agrarian party in the history of America. Rightly or wrongly at last—not suddenly but slowly and finally—he became convinced that Northern Union veterans would never support the Democratic party even if it were committed to progressive policies, and that Southern Confederate veterans would never support a Republican party even if it were committed to progressive policies, and hence that a new progressive political party unhandicapped by the animosities of war must be formed. So the "People's party" as it was officially called, but later generally referred to as the Populist party, took shape February 22, 1892, with its national convention called to assemble in Omaha on July 4. No one can doubt that Colonel Polk would have been its nominee for President but for his sudden and untimely death in the thick of the fight, June 11, 1892.

Whether the formation of the National People's party was really necessary or advisable, opinions of course will always differ. Certainly there is evidence that Polk would have disapproved many of the manipulations to which the party was subjected after his death. As Mr. Josephus Daniels has testified: "Colonel Polk never deserted political principle for office or trafficked for his personal profit or advancement on the confidence the people reposed in him."

I regret that more space is not available in which to discuss the services of Colonel Polk as editor of *The Progressive Farmer*—a publication which he dedicated in words which even now more than a half century later suggest the magic of his eloquence:

"The Industrial and Educational Interests of Our People Paramount to All Other Considerations of State Policy," is the motto of The Progressive Farmer, and upon this platform shall it rise or fall. Serving no master, ruled by no faction, circumscribed by no selfish or narrow policy, its aim will be to foster and promote the best interests of the whole people of the state. It will be true to the instincts, traditions, and history of the Anglo-Saxon race. On all matters relating especially to the great interests it represents, it will speak with no uncertain voice, but will fearlessly the right defend and impartially the wrong condemn.

I also regret that there is not opportunity to say more of Polk's rank as an orator, of which Mr. Daniels wrote in a recent sketch: "Col. Polk had the gift of eloquence in a marked degree. It was no attainment. It was God-given. At times, when the spirit of devotion to the 'forgotten man' was upon him, he moved great audiences as no farm leader of America before or since has done."

With this background of evidence we are now prepared to summarize what would seem to be rather clearly established facts about the career of Colonel Polk. He became not only one of the nation's most distinguished agricultural leaders but also left behind him in his native state a larger number of enduring monuments than almost any other man of his generation. I say this because these seven claims may fairly be made regarding him:

1. More truly than any other man he deserves to be called the founder of the North Carolina State Department of Agriculture.
2. More truly than any other man he deserves to be called the founder of the North Carolina State Agricultural College.
3. More truly than perhaps any other man he deserves to be called the founder of Meredith College.
4. He was founder and first editor of a publication which under his direction achieved a larger circulation than any other North Carolina paper at that time had ever reached.
5. More effectively than any other man he built up the National Farmers Alliance into the most powerful farm organization in American history.
6. He did more than almost any other man of his time to break down sectional feeling between the North and the South.
7. Under his leadership the only historic, nation-wide, agrarian party in American political history was brought into being and, if he had lived to direct it, would probably have become twice as powerful.

In one of the most charming books ever written about North Carolina, *Southern Exposure*, Peter M. Wilson has a delightful chapter on Colonel Polk, declaring that his whole life was one continuous crusade in behalf of a fairer deal for "the forgotten man" and adding: "There was never any rest for his restlessness until he accepted the enforced peace of death. He practically wrote the Ocala Platform, and within a generation every plank of it has been built into the platform of the two major parties."

Two or three little incidents may be mentioned in conclusion as

illustrating the spirit and quality of the man. One of the most intense crusaders North Carolina has known, he did not bear grudges or cherish bitterness. His whole temperament was constructive, not destructive. In the fight to establish a state agricultural college he long had to oppose President Kemp Battle of Chapel Hill, but President Battle in his *History of the University* remarks that after the victory Colonel Polk said to his followers, "Now we will let Battle alone!" He was not fighting against Battle or the University but only for agricultural education. Another revealing incident is indicative of the ruling passion of his whole life—a desire in every situation to help the underdog. The late John T. Pullen was about to be turned out of the Raleigh First Baptist Church as a hopeless victim of drink. Making an eloquent and moving appeal for him, Colonel Polk probably saved John Pullen to that lifelong Christian consecration to other "down-and-outers" which made him perhaps the greatest saint in the history of Raleigh. Furthermore, to all speakers, young or old, who find their knees uncontrollable, it may be interesting to quote Peter Wilson's declaration that although Colonel Polk was probably one of the half-dozen most effective orators North Carolina has ever produced, his knees always shook under him as he first faced any audience!

The sentence already quoted from Mr. Council S. Wooten, "He gave his life for oppressed humanity," might well serve as the epitaph of Leonidas Lafayette Polk. The old battle for "Equality for Agriculture" in the eighties and early nineties still goes on. He may not have been wise in all the remedies he proposed, but of the value of his services to American agriculture and of his passionate, lifelong desire to help the farmers of both state and nation, there can be no doubt. He could well have said with John Masefield:

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laureled to lap the fat of the years,
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp on the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load;

Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told.

THE VOGUE OF THE DOMESTIC NOVEL 1850-1870

ALEXANDER COWIE

IN 1842 William Gilmore Simms referred to Cooper's *Precaution* as "a very feeble work, . . . a second or third rate imitation of a very inferior school of writings, known as the social life novel." By the "social life novel," Simms meant a story in which the bulk of detail was made up of "the ordinary events of the household, or of the snug family circle." The action of such a story might reach its climax at a ball or a dinner party. To a man accustomed, as Simms was, to handling issues that determined the fate of states or nations, this sort of thing seemed paltry stuff, for it gave almost no play to the "imagination" or the "creative faculty." No wonder Cooper failed in *Precaution* and Scott in *St. Ronan's Well*. If such novels have to be written, let them be written by women.

Well, a few years after Simms wrote these words, women did bend themselves to producing the social or domestic novel with such zeal that they put a severe crimp in the sales of other varieties of fiction including Simms's specialty, the historical romance. Indeed, they all but pre-empted the field of fiction. The fifties and sixties saw the publication of scores of domestic novels by a variety of authors. Their sales were tremendous. Maria Cummins's *Lamp-lighter* sold 40,000 copies within eight weeks. Two of Susan Warner's books, *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy*, sold an aggregate of 104,000 copies in three years. Mrs. Hentz's sales totaled 93,000 in three years. Mrs. Holmes's books reached a total of 2,000,000 sold copies. The demand for the books of Jane Augusta Evans Wilson may be partly judged by a notice printed in one edition of *St. Elmo*: "Special edition limited to 100,000 copies." Other writers of the school made almost comparable successes. The vogue of the form was perhaps greatest in the fifties and sixties; yet as late as 1872 the Boston Public Library "confessed . . . that the most popular authors of the day were Mary Holmes, Caroline Lee Hentz, and Mrs. Southworth." It is no accident that Joyce's *Ulysses*, set in 1904, reports Gerty MacDowell as having read *The Lamp-lighter*.

Nor are people lacking in the present generation even among the intelligentsia who, if pressed, will blushing admit that they have read and enjoyed *St. Elmo*.

The productions of this prolific race of novelists have generally been dismissed briefly by historians of literature as being subliterate, and therefore unworthy of critical attention. Granted that sales are no criterion of literary values, yet the vast popularity of these writers so affected the market for fiction and the standards of public taste that more serious artists were alarmed. In 1855 Hawthorne referred in exasperation to the authors as a "damned mob of scribbling women." Howells later had much ado to correct false artistic standards of taste they created. Some knowledge of the origin, aims, and vogue of such an influential school is essential to an understanding of the temper of the period and of the evolution of the novel.

The domestic novel had reciprocal relationships with various other forms of fiction. A precise definition is therefore difficult, but for the moment the domestic novel may be roughly defined, in its first phase at least, as an extended prose tale composed chiefly of commonplace household incidents and episodes loosely worked into a trite plot involving the fortunes of characters who exist less as individuals than as carriers of pious moral or religious sentiment. The thesis of such a book is that true happiness comes from submission to suffering. In its purest strain the domestic novel relied far more on religious sentiment than on romantic love, but as time went on the latter greatly increased its ratio and even an erotic element (for which the author acknowledged no responsibility) became dimly apparent between the lines. Other variations occur from author to author, but enough homogeneity obtains in the genre to give some validity to the following receipt to make a domestic novel.

First, take a young and not-too-pretty child about ten years old. Boys are possible, but girls are to be preferred, for the author and the increasing majority of women readers will be more at home in the detail. Make sure that the child is, or is shortly to be, an orphan. If the mother is still living, put her to death very gradually in a scene of much sorrow and little physical suffering, uttering pious hopes and admonitions to the last. The father presumably died years ago under circumstances not well known. Now put the child

under the care of a shrewish aunt, who resents being obliged to take care of her dead brother's brat. If it has been impossible to remove the father as suggested above, a reasonably good compromise will be to have him make a second marriage with a frivolous heartless society woman. In an emergency a cruel housekeeper will do. The child is now unhappy, undernourished, and underprivileged. She is exposed to the taunts of snobbish little rich girls. It is essential that she accidentally overhear unkind comments on her awkward clothes, rustic manners, bad behavior, or even her family honor. Slander may be used freely for spicing the plot. The child's behavior may in fact be actually bad in the beginning. She may "sass" her aunt. She may even shy a stone through a window. But her worst sin is her "pride." Now introduce a young woman living not far away, who embodies all Christian virtues, especially humility. Let this lady kiss, pray over, and cry with the heroine at intervals of from three to four pages. The lady may or may not be blind; at any rate, she has had her sorrows and she is destined to die about two thirds of the way through the book of badly diagnosed tuberculosis. She will die at sunset—without a struggle. She is going home. Tears which have been flowing freely now practically inundate the book. The girl's only remaining friends are an eccentric (Barkis-like) teamster, and a wealthy (Cheeryble-like) merchant who now and then gives her a lollipop. In the meantime she has learned to subdue her pride and to submit graciously to the suffering which is the lot of all mortals in this shabby world. You may end your story here if you will, with the child on the verge of adolescence; but it is preferable to carry on a few years in order that the heroine may be menaced by a proud, handsome, moody, Rochester-like man aged about thirty who has traveled and sinned (very vaguely) in the Orient. He at first scarcely notices the meek little girl, but her bright spirit and vaguely-referred-to physical charms finally force him to admit to himself that he must have her. If it weren't for Queen Victoria he would try to seduce her, but as it is he is reduced to proposing marriage. To his astonishment she refuses. This sends him darkly off on more travels. The girl meanwhile has learned to support herself by teaching, acting as governess, or by writing, and she talks rather briskly about independence for women. Let her endure many trials and perform many pious acts. Monotony may be

broken by a trip to Saratoga or by the introduction of some physical peril such as a carriage accident, an attack by a mad dog, or a fire. One day the moody man comes back, and finds her sitting in a cemetery. He proposes again and is accepted. Don't be alarmed at this: his pride has been humbled, too, and he is now reformed. He may even become a minister, but he has plenty of money. For her part, the heroine now drops all fantastic notions of female independence, for she realizes that a woman's greatest glory is wifely submission. The acid aunt either dies or experiences a change of heart toward the heroine. In the latter case she may be married off to the neighboring teamster (blacksmith will do). The wealthy merchant turns out to be the heroine's father: he wasn't really lost at sea! Everybody is now happy in a subdued, Christian sort of way.

This composite story is intended to give some idea of the domestic novel as it was practiced by Susan Warner, Maria Cummins, Jane Augusta Evans Wilson, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Ann Sophia Stephens, Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, Marion Harland, E. P. Roe, and others from 1850 to 1872. Its descent in the family of fiction is complicated. It is obviously related to the novel of sensibility and as such it goes back to *Pamela*. Miss Edgeworth was also an acknowledged ancestor of the type. But there are more obvious relationships with four later British writers—Bulwer, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Gaskell—whose first published novels appeared respectively in 1829, 1837, 1847, and 1848. Bulwer provided a model for drawing-room scenes and fascinating, wicked, fashionable young men; Dickens, for pathetic little girls and eccentric characters; Brontë, for the persecuted governess; and Mrs. Gaskell, for idyllic village life. From American novelists there was less that could be borrowed handily. The sensitive, swooning heroine lately released from the defunct Gothic romance and the moribund historical romance could be drafted into the service of the domestic novel, given a course of intensive religious training, taught maneuvers of the heart by Jane Eyre, and assigned to heavy emotional duty on the domestic front. The kitchen realism which Miss Sedgwick employed for the benefit of readers beginning to tire of the details of military campaign and Indian adventure could be easily imitated. Yet models and inspirations outside the novel were perhaps quite as important: Mrs. Sigourney's tremendous success in poems of re-

ligious sentiment, Fanny Fern's domestic essays, Ik Marvel's dozing reveries, and the variety of sentimental pieces whether essay, tale, or poem, which filled the literary annuals and gift-books. It is a fair guess that the domestic novel gradually took over much of the public created by the gift-book vogue, which, beginning in 1825 and carrying on to the sixties, showed a marked decline shortly after 1850. And when in 1853 Mrs. Stowe contributed Little Eva to the gallery of sentimental heroines, there was no stopping the lady novelists.

Obviously the domestic novel was not only a literary phenomenon but a social one as well. Telescoped into a few generalizations, the opinions it reflected and promoted can be seen to have been of a distinctly conservative nature. In effect, the domestic novel functioned as a sort of benign moral police, whose regulations were principally comprised under the heads of religion and morality. The religion inculcated was not heavily freighted with theological doctrines; it was rather, as Gerty says in *The Lamplighter*, a "religion of the heart" and as such was available to any one ready to listen to the voice of God. Its chiefest enemies were Goethe, Emerson, and various other vendors of "transcendental sophistries" devised originally in Germany. If the German vice was unorthodoxy, the threat of the French was immorality. There was no surer way of damning a character than by showing him in the act of reading a French novel, particularly one by Eugene Sue, whose *Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew* were promptly translated and published in this country in the middle forties. The French, moreover, were the prime exemplars of that fashionable life against which the domestic novelists protested—and sometimes protested too much. As for formal education, the general tendency is to indorse a simple type of curriculum in the local elementary schools. Boarding schools are looked upon askance as places where children are underfed and poorly instructed under the orders of a tyrannical, greedy headmaster. Colleges are tested for their religious tone: Yale, for example, is preferred to Harvard and Columbia as the place where a lad can get "a granite foundation for . . . religion—everything solid and sound there." It is conceded by another novelist, however, that a Harvard commencement is an "intellectual banquet." Women's rights are smartly debated in practically every domestic novel. Keen feminist arguments are met by the stock replies that women have intuition but

not reason, that they may lose feminine graces in the pursuit of rights, and that men will deteriorate too if the need for chivalry is removed. Such sex warfare generally ends in an ignoble truce whereby the woman barter all her advantages for a scrap of paper—a marriage certificate. As for the heroine who takes to writing as a career, she renounces that at the altar: a bluestocking she must not be. Least of all should she be a reformer. The lady novelists showed their conservatism in nothing so much as their universal detestation of reform movements. Charitable Christian deeds performed by individuals were acceptable, but reform movements were "radical." This attitude extended even to the subject of slavery, which forms a staple of conversation in many novels. It is argued, of course, that to hold a human being in the condition of a chattel is wrong, but nowhere is there much said for the militant abolitionist. Moreover, the Southern cause is well represented (especially since two of the principal domestic novelists, Marion Harland and Jane Wilson, were Southerners) and it is often argued that the position of a (contented) slave is considerably better than that of "the miserable, half-starved seamstresses of Boston and New York, who toil from dawn till dark, with aching head and throbbing breast." In this debate, however, the novelist generally remains neutral. Other political and economic problems are but lightly touched. There are vague allusions to the beneficence of "Republican institutions" and the dignity of labor, but there is no systematic arraignment of the socioeconomic order even for those evils which closely impinged upon domestic life—child labor, defective factory conditions, and miscellaneous exploitation of the poor classes—much less the growing political corruption that was to flower rankly in the Gilded Age. The domestic novelists handled no inflammable social doctrine, for it was no part of their purpose to create industrial unrest or to foment class hatred.

In most respects, then, the domestic novelists were conservative socially. The pioneer spirit was not in them, and they were not concerned with "progress." Enough to be safe in the moment. Yet in one respect they exhibited, perhaps unconsciously, a tendency which has been ratified by later thinkers. This was shown in their fundamental conception of the regeneration of a person given to evil courses. Instead of trying to stamp out evil violently as a sign of innate depravity, lodged in man ever since old Adam's first

slip, they sought to lead the child to grace by kindly encouragement. The motive power was more often love or hope than fear. Satan's agency in sin was left out of consideration and causes were sought for nearer at hand, specifically in heredity and environment. Vicious surroundings accounted for undesirable traits which could be removed, but only gradually, by transplantation to a more favorable environment: "The plant that for years has been growing distorted, and dwelling in a barren spot, deprived of light and nourishment, withering in its leaves and blighted in its fruit, cannot at once recover from so cruel a blast. Transplanted to another soil, it must be directed in the right course, nourished with care and warmed with Heaven's light, ere it can recover from the shock occasioned by its early neglect, and find strength to expand its flowers and ripen its fruit." There was a perceptible swing from a theological to a scientific conception of the proper control of mental and moral states, for "there is mental as well as bodily sickness and a true physician should minister to both." In general the novels of this school show a tendency to rely on admonition rather than punishment as a means of discipline. There is less talk of the devil and more of angels, less forcing and more leading. To be sure such positive, optimistic doctrine was not wholly new in the 1850's, but it was of some significance in a social order only recently emerged from the depressing atmosphere of Calvinistic thought.

There can be no question of the tremendous vogue of the domestic sentimentalists or of their acceptable moral teaching. What can be said of the intrinsic merit of the books themselves? Very little. Obviously they are in no cases the product of first-rate writers. Yet some abilities must be looked for in novelists who were able to command the attention not only of the average intelligent reader but of the critics as well. If they had addressed themselves only to a semi-illiterate public, their sales would not have disturbed Hawthorne by the thought of potential readers lost; if their books had been totally devoid of literary merit, Howells would not have bothered to attack them. Evidently they were read by persons who were unaware of stooping to an unworthy variety of entertainment. Why? The simplest answer (beyond the religious content of the books) is that most of the domestic novelists exhibited a fairly good prose style: their books *looked* like literature. It was perhaps as easy for the

untutored layman to confuse their work with genuine literature as to mistake the popular illustrations of Currier and Ives for great art. Almost every writer in the group wrote with great facility—perhaps a fatal facility—and some of them, notably Mrs. Wilson, had a gift for phrasing that would have done credit to more important books. If an odious comparison may be admitted, it is likely that in sheer literary gifts Mrs. Wilson excelled her present-day successors, Faith Baldwin and Kathleen Norris.

For the rest, the plot is based on a framework of trite devices, such as mistaken identity and the long-lost relative, and set into motion by coincidence. The fuel is sentiment or emotion, which is used in such a rich mixture that overheating results. No great speed is attained, but there are many melodramatic crises. The characters are generally lacking in individuality except for an occasional minor person. There is much whimsy but little humor. The description of natural scenery is slight in amount, and the sense of place is almost negligible: in this respect the domestic novelists displayed little advance over the novelists of fifty years before. The principal structural defect is the almost universal practice of chopping the action up into short scenes of approximately equal length—a method which, though perhaps dictated in part by the exigencies of serial publication, is generally fatal to proportion. The story sprawls through several years—perhaps an average of six or seven. A chronological order is observed throughout to a point about two thirds or four fifths of the way through the book, when the author finally vouchsafes the explanation of whatever mysteries in the plot have been arbitrarily withheld. This explanation, which generally consists of the life story of one of the characters, is so long as to throw the whole book still more askew structurally. How much better results might be obtained by the condensation or complete omission of certain scenes and the selection of others for expansion, together with the judicious use of flash-backs, remained for Howells and James to demonstrate.

The domestic novel was a popular commodity in which originality was no great virtue. Even in its period it seemed somewhat old-fashioned. As time went on, the effects of excessive inbreeding finally foreshadowed its temporary extinction. Yet the species was amazingly tenacious, and its life span extended through the seventies

and even beyond. Meantime there has appeared in the late 1860's the first publications of three men—Mark Twain, Howells, and James—destined in different ways to give American fiction more vitality and greater merit. Yet none of these men immediately preempted the field, and one of them, James, can scarcely be said to have had a popular vogue at all. Their immediate influence, like that of Whitman, was not widespread. The gravest threats to the domestic novel in the seventies and eighties were local-color fiction (often taking the form of the short story), the international or cosmopolitan novel (especially, in the popular field, the work of Francis Marion Crawford), and the historical romance, which was revived in the 1880's and 1890's. The development of the railroad contributed to the physical expansion of the country which brought the local-colorists into prominence; and the great increase in European travel in part prepared for the rise of "international" fiction. When "swaggering Americans were thronging Europe in great crowds," the novelist whose characters were followed to no point more remote than Saratoga began to seem a little provincial. As for the historical romance, its occasional recurrence is inevitable. At all events new costumes, gorgeous settings, and more "personalized" characters gave the historical romance a new vogue in the eighties. A little later, the panic of 1893 doubtless made romance even more welcome as a resource against incessant discussion of wages, strikes, monopolies, and economic depression. At all events the nineteenth-century domestic novel was by that time pretty well choked out by heavy competition except for the sporadic reappearances already noted.

DEMOCRACY AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN

HAROLD H. PUNKÉ

DURING a national emergency in material production with its accompanying expansion in employment, we may overlook the social consequences of recent unemployment. Even though greatly pressed by a current military emergency, however, we should not entirely forget the recent unemployment emergency, or the significance for particular social groups of its possible return.

Unemployment stimulates competition and enlivens argument concerning who should have jobs. Attacks on "child labor" are renewed—combining humanitarianism, social welfare, and selfish exploitation. Arguments are mustered regarding the employment of immigrants or racial minorities, as they are regarding the employment of women—particularly married women. Hence controversy regarding sex discrimination is not unique or isolated, but is part of a pattern of competitions, discriminations, and undercuttings.

In considering reasons for sex differentials in wages, one might examine the basis for concluding that discriminations exist. Although men and women work in the same industry, or even in the same department, they may not be doing the same kind of work. Woytinsky, in the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* (XV, 315), observes that "intervening differences in skill and occupation make direct comparison for the sexes almost impossible."

If one, however, accepts the statement that differentials exist, one might study various categories of reasons for explaining their existence. Important among such categories, perhaps, are history and tradition. Modern history reveals struggle concerning various discriminations. Political and religious discriminations were characteristic of Western civilization in the eighteenth century. The linkage and intersupport of church and state prevailed in Colonial America as in England and France. The rising third estate in France struggled to rid itself of a privileged nobility, much as American colonies struggled to rid themselves of foreign rule considered discriminatory and exploitive. Anxiety over political discrimination and inequality

was reflected through the documents which constituted the basis of our government, in assurance provided against political inequality and exploitation by a central government. There was also precaution against religious discrimination. Economic inequalities existed along with those in politics and religion, but less was said about them—partly because naïve laymen assumed that correcting politico-religious relationships would correct everything, and partly because politico-religious leaders often gained by leaving the economic aspects of society undisturbed. Race discrimination also prevailed, but in the eighteenth century interracial relationships were geographically and culturally limited. Moreover, few members of the enslaved race had learned to consider their status as reflecting discrimination or as anything other than God-given.

Sex discrimination, as one aspect of a social organization in which discriminations abound, has had a long history in Western culture. Plato (428-348 B.C.) and a few other Greeks had courage in advocating social equality between the sexes, at a time when there was marked discrimination against women. Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), Plato's leading pupil, however, maintained that men were by nature superior to women. The same view was held by Pericles and others. The Roman Law, as originally set forth in the Twelve Tables (about 450 B.C.) and subsequently spread with the geographical and cultural expansion of Rome, reflected the low status of women. Some early Christians accorded woman a comparably low status, apparently in part because they regarded her the chief cause of man's sin and downfall. Reference is often made to the low status which St. Paul (who died about 67 A.D.) accorded to women. Intellectually the Middle Ages were largely enslaved to Aristotle, and echoed his teachings. The Age of Chivalry was characterized by relationships between the sexes which today in most Western countries would be regarded as discriminatory against women. Adherence to the practices of the past, regarding home and female status, seems pronounced among some present-day religious sects. In parts of the world where cultural reactions have reinstated general rule by force, women have been "put back in the kitchen" or have otherwise become more completely dominated by men. Dependence on men for military service, and emphasis on the military aspects of culture, fit into the foregoing pattern regarding sex status. Hence from the general standpoint of

status, without regard to vocations, much in the history and tradition of Western society carries into the present an atmosphere of discrimination against women.

Vocational discrimination should therefore be anticipated. In the family economy of agrarian society little money was used—neither sex received wages. Handicraft, too, was carried on within the home, with perhaps little attention to "differential earning power." The Industrial Revolution, however, caused many functions to leave the home, and men took over work formerly done by women. The smaller amount of education among women than among men, and of freedom to circulate outside the home, seem factors that excluded women from skilled trades during the early Industrial Revolution. Thus men worked for wages—cash to run the family, whereas the parts of "woman's work" which were retained in the home continued to be performed without being valued in money. Receipt of cash brought great economic independence, and great influence over those who needed cash but had none of their own. Elliott and Merrill, in their *Social Disorganization* (p. 281), state that "Before women's work was taken out of the home, no man could be thought of as 'supporting his wife.'"

Although vocational or other discriminations had long existed, it was when women obtained educational opportunity that they in large numbers became aware of discriminations, and when vocational opportunities made them economically independent that they became vocal about discriminations.

Several influences converged to bring educational opportunity to women. Among these were the extension of social equality through extending manhood suffrage, especially in America and England; the continuing of the American frontier, where it was difficult to maintain class or sex differences which had no basis in capacity for adjustment; and the growth of a general humanitarianism, which was reflected in such developments as extending public education, regulating child labor, improving factory conditions, helping the physically and mentally handicapped, and early prison reform.

Extending education helped increase the vocational competence of women. Important too were technological advance and increased vocational specialization. Part of the recent gainful employment of women is of course due to technology having moved functions from

homes to other agencies—clothing and soap manufacture, food preparation, play supervision, and education of children. With less to do at home and with industrialization increasing the work under men's sway outside the home, women followed earlier functions from home to factory. New vocations for women, however, have also been created—stenography, salesmanship, laboratory technician, professional service.

Hence largely through schooling along lines worked out for the dominant male group that had liberty and status, women became more aware of the character and scope of discriminations, somewhat as Hindus and Chinese become aware of concepts of political liberty and social discrimination through study in English and American universities. Awareness became effective when gainful employment brought economic independence.

Although tradition as here described is important in sex discriminations, one should differentiate between discrimination based on sex and discrimination in which sex is only a screen—sex may prove a socially acceptable label. One might, for example, question the extent to which sex, even though offered as "the reason," really is the reason for discrimination—i.e., in regard to difficulty in securing work, amount of pay received or greater likelihood of dismissal. Applicants failing of employment seldom know why they fail. If employers offer reasons, they are likely to be conventional "reasons" which communities accept, rather than actual motivations. The same applies to pay differentials and to losing jobs. Many schoolteachers who fail of reappointment after long service know that the advertised reasons for nonappointment have little connection with reality. The point is well illustrated through reasons advanced for divorce. Women could be physically cruel to men, yet most communities would taboo men as sissies and make them objects of scorn if they offered such reasons. Because divorce has to be charged on customary and accepted grounds, the reasons offered follow well-worn grooves—i.e., adultery charged against women, and cruelty charged against men. In lawsuits, customary and accepted practice becomes rigid and formal procedure. Here as elsewhere, however, practices followed and reasons offered for the disposition of particular cases are those which community attitudes accept. The same applies to the reasons offered to candidates failing of employment or to em-

ployees discharged. Hence when an employer states such reason as race, age, sex, marital status, or dependents, the "reason" may actually apply, or it may only be a socially acceptable category into which a case may be classified. Therefore studies of reasons for failure of employment, based on statements of employers to job-seekers, have notable limitations.

There are also psychological implications which attach to vocational status, and which are important from the standpoint of sex discriminations. In a society which emphasizes monetary values as does America, and in a society in which tatters of the patriarchal family pattern still point to the man as family head, it is easier for men to feel the prestige of headship if they are economically superior to others in the group. Husbands sometimes resent gainful employment of wives because of accompanying economic independence, and resulting deflation of the husband's ego. Ego inflation could rest on noneconomic bases, as it once rested on success in dueling or knightly tournaments, but in current America social prestige is gained largely through economic responsibility. Corollary to the foregoing attitude is the attitude reflected where men have "resigned" to employment for wives, but resent a wife's salary exceeding that of her husband. On the other hand, many husbands, for economic or psychological reasons, desire that their wives be employed.

The foregoing picture reflects social pressure. Under prevailing mores men practically must have jobs, if jobs are at all procurable, in order to be considered respectable males. The analogous "face-saving" pressure on women is much weaker. This is evidenced by a frequent attitude of single women that married women should not have jobs "when they have husbands to support them." Because of increasing employment among women, however, society will increasingly expect them to be employed—the mores will probably so change that women will lose any present exemption from the pressure felt by men.

Of psychoeconomic importance regarding sex and wages, is the fact that in many vocations women are newcomers and are in the minority. In general, those who already occupy a field resent the "encroachment" of newcomers, who insist on sharing the fruits of that field. Professional schools and organizations often set up entrance hurdles to reduce the number of new entrants so as not to dis-

turb the vested interests of those already in the profession. American laborers, particularly after organizing and sensing their economic interests, opposed further immigration. White labor has shown similar attitudes regarding Negro labor. Child-labor regulations have come partly because of competition with adult labor. In some communities even members of "old families" assume that they should be the custodians of tradition and of public leadership, or be the ones written up in society columns, and resent the intrusion of newcomers. In each foregoing instance an in-group resents the efforts of "outsiders" to get inside the group—the *Haves* resent efforts of the *Have-nots* to share in whatever is to be had.

Related to newcomer status is an age differential associated with sex. In the United States in 1930, according to a statement by Elsie Glück in the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* (XV, 458), 60 per cent of the female workers were 16-34 years of age, whereas only 46 per cent of the male workers fell within the same age span. Because of more experience and presumably greater facility in the vocation, of possibly more initial training, of reverence for age as such, and of perhaps greater control of voting or other avenues of influencing the checking account, older members of vocational groups typically receive higher wages or salaries than do younger members. The operation of such factors can perhaps be as easily seen among professional groups as anywhere. In any case, age differential seems involved in wage differentials between the sexes.

Women's attitude toward vocations is often another psychological factor. If a woman regards a vocation as something transient and incidental, a stopgap before marriage, or a means to tide her over economic stringency, she contributes to the depreciation of her status as a worker. Here as elsewhere transiency fails to produce thorough understanding of the problems of those permanently on the ground, or to produce continuing interest in solving those problems. If women do not take seriously their place in the industrial world, but contribute to female depreciation rather than to respectable wage expectation, they are not likely to receive respectable wages. Organization of workers seems nowadays a likely avenue to respectability concerning wages and vocational status. According to Woytinsky (p. 315), the stopgap factor "creates a traditional obstacle to training for an entry into the more skilled occupations, makes the estab-

lishment of trade union organizations among women more difficult and strengthens the age-old notion as to the lower value of women's work." Perhaps married women who do not work really prefer a differential wage scale, if their husbands thus earn more than otherwise. If so, this divides the forces of women struggling for status as a group.

Gainful employment of women has psychological import in affording them as individuals an avenue to prestige. The holding of a gainful position is one way in which a woman may compete for status with other women, particularly if the woman's job entails responsibilities or a salary comparable to those of men who circulate in her social class. This seems well illustrated in the case of women in comfortable economic circumstances who work for pay; although they may not need the income, there is more prestige in holding a pay job than in doing the same work gratis.

From a somewhat different standpoint wage differentials between the sexes may be related to differences in economic responsibility—such differentials may constitute a clumsy method by which society recognizes differential economic need and responsibility among individuals. With obvious exceptions, men in general carry greater economic responsibility than women—more men have families to support. Here society's method of distributing income and economic burden is obviously archaic in its failure to give due consideration to women who support parents, siblings, or children, or to bachelors who have no dependents, the same as society's practice is archaic in failing to change divorce and alimony laws in accordance with changing economic relationships between the sexes. Some students regard society's pattern of premarital economic responsibility between the sexes as similarly archaic—when a couple goes to a show, the woman seldom furnishes the car, theater tickets, and refreshments, although both persons may be employed. In America mature single women who are not employed seem more likely to be extended consideration in the parental home than do men under like circumstances. Similarly in the administration of public welfare and relief, homeless single women typically receive more consideration than do "transient" single men. In each foregoing instance the sex differential is only part of the archaic pattern—archaic in regard to equality of economic rights and responsibilities between the sexes.

Another economic factor concerning sex and wage differential is mobility of the labor supply. That men migrate more readily than women is important in the moving from areas of low to those of high wages—when unemployment is not nationwide. An oversupply of labor in one area clearly depresses wages there relative to other areas—unless the state effectively regulates *real* wages. The greater vocational mobility of men is further apparent if one notes that several vocations are still largely closed to women. Hence they cannot move as readily as men from one vocation to another within a community. The lesser vocational mobility of women seems due partly to their greater attachment to home and local friends because of more cloistered home and school life, as well as partly to social attitude in closing vocations to them.

Of some importance regarding sex differentials is the actual cost of self-support, and the dependence for that support on one's earnings. Women rooming together often reduce living costs by doing their own housekeeping—preparing meals, making clothes, doing laundry. Men could probably learn to do these things for themselves. The fact remains, however, that relatively few men do so, and that employers may take this difference into account in regard to wages.

In an earlier paragraph it was suggested that young women might remain in the parental home longer than young men, under comparable economic circumstances. If under such conditions a woman is employed, she is not wholly dependent upon her earnings for support—she is subsidized by her parents. In many instances married women are likewise subsidized—especially workers for “pin money.” Where workers are subsidized, employers need not pay a living wage. This is seen in the case of school boards that employ local girls who can live at home and hence “need not be paid as much” as girls wholly dependent on their earnings for support. Whether women are thus subsidized more often than men, and the extent to which subsidy contributes to wage differentials between the sexes, however, are somewhat speculative.

Political factors are also at times thought to be connected with discrimination. It is sometimes contended, for example, that if women as a group were more extensively represented in our legislative bodies, they would make more progress in achieving voca-

tional or other types of equality with men. Although it would be very difficult to evaluate this contention, there is reason to suppose that the political factor might be important.

Another factor for consideration regarding sex discrimination and wages is rather distinctly biological. When "equal pay for equal work" is urged, difficulty arises as to what constitutes equality—especially regarding work. If time is considered the basis of equality, biological differences between the two sexes become important. On this point Watkins, in his *Labor Problems* (p. 293), writes: "It is generally recognized that the employment of women imposes expense burdens upon the employer that are not incident to the same degree in the employment of men." "The legal requirement," he adds, "of rest rooms, lavatories, seats, and other accommodations do not generally obtain in the employment of men." If nurseries to care for preschool children are added to the foregoing items, further expense accrues to employers of women. "Lost time through illness and domestic causes," Watkins notes, "is proportionately greater among women than men, and industrial experience seems to indicate that the cost of supervision is greater in the case of women." "Then, too, there are legal restrictions," he continues, "such as the prohibition of night work for women and the limitation of the working day that are not so generally applicable to male workers." Laws also quite often require more appliances for employee protection where women are employed. Greater danger is perhaps partly a matter of dress; partly a matter of failure to educate girls regarding machinery—i.e., attitude regarding *correct* secondary education for girls; and perhaps partly a matter of biological differences. "The evidence indicates clearly," Watkins points out (p. 300), "that industrial life is more severe on women than on men." "Women do not stand the strain so well," he observes. "Because of their greater susceptibility to fatigue," he adds, "women's liability to accidents is increased." "Women's accidents are apparently twice as numerous as those of men when fatigue conditions are similar," he states, "and they are peculiarly susceptible to lead poisoning."

When "equal pay for equal work" is judged on a piece-work basis, group solidarity on which to base the collective bargaining of organized labor is broken down, "by substituting each worker's different daily earnings for the standard wage received by all," says

Daugherty (*Labor Problems in American Industry*, p. 278). Equal piece rates for women, however, are opposed on practically the same basis as are equal time rates.

Hence there is much difficulty and vagueness in trying to operate according to the principle of equal pay for equal work. To most workers, Daugherty asserts, the principle means "equal pay for equal efforts, energy expenditure, and sacrifice." "To the economic visionary," he adds, "it means equal pay for equal output." "To the employer of the liberal class," he continues, "it means, at most, equal pay for equal worth to the employer." Obstacles to resolving the different meanings of equality into a harmonious program appear. This does not mean, however, that further effort toward securing equality is futile. Nevertheless, in at least some areas of vocational consideration, further study, it seems, is needed regarding the nature of the differences between the sexes in work and pay, before any harmonious program of equality can be approached. That is, research should precede advocacy of a program.

The foregoing pages refer to several types of discriminations, which are significant for a democratic society. Through historical reference an attempt was made to view sex discrimination in perspective. Vocational differentials and discriminations were considered as a special section of the general pattern of sex discriminations. The "reasons" for sex discriminations were set forth from standpoints relating to tradition, psychology, economics, politics, and biology. A concluding statement concerning the relationship of discriminations to a democratic social order seems desirable.

Democratic society is often characterized by the opportunity afforded its members for developing personality and enjoying life. Social discriminations artificially limit contacts and experience, and thus limit the materials for building personality. The term *personality* is often vaguely used, but if it includes intelligence, conversational ability, poise and appearance, sensitiveness to the likes and dislikes of others, or capacity for adjustment, then personality development is closely related to experience. Educational opportunity clearly affects linguistic facility, which is important in conversing with people or in developing interests through reading. The economic status of a child's family is important in the way he will dress, whether he will travel, and whom he will meet. Persons

with much leisure, formal education, and travel experience have learned of many more types of situations than have persons limited through childhood labor in a cotton patch, meager rural education, and absence of travel farther than a hundred miles from home.

Hence discriminations placed by social structure on particular individuals because of race, sex, nationality, or economic status, restrict personality development. Groups in these different categories should recognize their common interest in attacking the conception of society based on discrimination and special privilege. Failure to recognize this interest often results in much working at cross-purposes. Thus many upper-class white women will struggle vigorously for greater equality with men, but will insist with equal vigor upon maintaining any discriminatory advantages they may have over persons of other racial, ethnic, religious, or economic groups—a rather limited and provincial concept of equality of opportunity and of democracy. Women thus attempting to hold advantages in one field as they seek equality in another, are no more ethical in their practice of democracy than men who include sex status as among advantages to be retained. Since all groups suffering discriminations are minority groups relative to socioeconomic influence or opportunity, they might achieve more if they emphasized their common interests and minimized their differences. Attack on privilege or handicap attached to sex will be curtailed in effectiveness if isolated from attack on special privilege wherever it appears. Hence persons interested in greater sex equality should interest themselves in the status of the underprivileged in general—which is somewhat the case now.

A major point remains. All artificial discriminations retard the development of civilization, and hence restrict the opportunities of us all to develop resourceful and satisfying personalities. Thus if our twelve million Negroes had educational and economic opportunity comparable to that of white persons, American civilization would no doubt be enriched by Negro contributions to science, art, and economic life. While social policy prohibits Negroes from developing the capacity to contribute, American civilization must forego this enrichment. The same applies to women who have only restricted opportunities to develop the capacity to contribute in various creative, professional, or other fields, or who are discriminated against in using ability that has been developed. The same also applies to handi-

caps and discriminations based on religion, ethnic background, or economic status. In brief, all forms of social discrimination, when embodied in social policy and practice, contribute to retarding the development of civilization. Particularly do they retard its development according to the democratic pattern, in which individuals from the standpoint of service are evaluated objectively according to qualification for rendering the service needed, and from the standpoint of rights and privileges are "each to count for one and none for more than one."

Hence anyone who is fundamentally interested in the advance of civilization according to the democratic pattern, whether man or woman, must be interested in removing discriminations due to sex, as he must be interested in removing discriminations due to religion, race, economic status, or other factors which are perpetuated by accumulated practice and tradition, whether or not the accumulation has actually been crystallized into law.

WINE WITH WALT

ROBERT A. HUME

ONE SPRING day about fifty-seven years ago, young Edwin H. Woodruff journeyed to Philadelphia, slept the night there, and ferried across to Camden the next morning. It was not quite 9:00 A.M. when he knocked at 328 Mickle Street to be courteously admitted by the housekeeper. Walt Whitman, she explained, was still upstairs but would soon descend.

Woodruff, left to himself, observed an open book lying face-downward near the window. He had just time to sidle over to it and glance at the title: *Daniel Deronda*.

Then Walt entered. Moving very slowly, but giving no conspicuous suggestion of paralysis, he crossed the room to greet his guest. He must have accepted and perused the letter of introduction the young man was carrying, but Woodruff could later recall only the impression of splendid immaculateness that Walt's entire person—face, body, and clothing—gave forth. He wore a rough gray suit, not pressed but very clean, and a white shirt widely open at the throat. And though Woodruff had been somewhat prepared for large masculine gusto and a barbaric yawp, the poet's manner was simple, frank, and kindly; his voice was soft and pleasant.

"I couldn't help noticing," one hears the young man saying—slightly ill at ease despite his hero's friendliness—"that you are reading *Daniel Deronda*."

"Yes," Walt responds, "but I don't seem to come along very well with it."

"I suppose you know that you are quoted in the fourth book."

"Why, no—am I?"

Together they turn the pages of the novel until they come to the heading of the twenty-ninth chapter, where George Eliot has inserted as a motto:

Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice,
him or her I shall follow,
As the water follows the moon, silently,
with fluid steps anywhere around the globe.

Walt is as tickled as a small boy. "I hadn't known about that," he beams. "I'm glad you showed me. I might never have got to it."

They went on to converse, Woodruff later remembered, about fiction in general, with which Walt showed considerable familiarity. He asked the young man to name his favorite British novelist. Thackeray. Did Walt like him? No, Walt couldn't say that he ever got much enjoyment out of Thackeray. His own choice? Well, if he had to name one, it would probably be—all things considered—Sir Walter Scott.

The talk continued easily and interestingly enough, though in ensuing years Woodruff was to forget most of it. They were cut short by the arrival of one of Walt's friends, a certain Philadelphia tea-merchant (his name also to be forgotten) in high elation because of his own birthday. With cheery histrionics he held forth a bottle of—not tea but wine, and demanded that the good gray poet share it at once.

Young Woodruff's manners were excellent: he offered to leave. Walt, however, would not hear of such a thing. No, the three of them would step into the next room, where the wine, and leisurely discussion, might be fully enjoyed. They stepped in.

It must be left to our own and posterity's conjecture whether the tea-merchant's birthday elation resulted in his drinking most of the wine himself or whether the shares were equal. Certainly the bottle was small, so that the celebration must have been modest. Yet enough warmth was generated for the two older gentlemen to start arguing about social and political matters. They disputed back and forth, almost with acrimony, until, reaching a kind of impasse, Walt turned suddenly to Woodruff: "Let's hear what our young friend has to say on this."

Luckily, the young friend had something to say. Fifty-five years later he had no idea what it was, though he surmised modestly that it was a paraphrase of certain remarks by that friend and vigorous disciple of Emerson, Franklin B. Sanborn, then giving lectures at Cornell. Walt listened with close attention and, the discourse concluded, praised it unreservedly: it accorded with his own views.

Woodruff thereupon took his leave of Walt and of Camden and returned to his home in Ithaca. Later the poet sent him an auto-

graphed gift copy of the small volume *Strong Bird on Pinions Free*, to be found today in the Cornell University Library.

On July 10, 1941, I had to read the news item that Edwin H. Woodruff, "79, Professor Emeritus of the Cornell Law School since 1927, and author of numerous legal textbooks," was dead at his Ithaca home. About a year earlier he had told me the story of his visit to Camden, much as I have told it here.

The visit took place sometime before Woodruff ever wrote any books or taught any law, as he later did both at Stanford and Cornell. The exact date is surely of small significance. Yet here is an instance to help explain how literary scholiasts become what they are: it was Woodruff's confident memory that he went to Camden on April 24, 1884, bearing a letter of introduction from Hiram Corson, Professor of English at Cornell; but Horace Traubel, in reproducing Corson's letter in the first volume of *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, dates it March 26, 1886. Let him who will, resolve the contradiction.

As for the story of the visit, it is probably no more than mildly exciting, at least to those who are not Whitmaniacs. One smiles affectionately: old Walt, drinking a little wine, and—of all times—in the morning. It becomes hard to realize, even if one turns back to the yellowed files, that the character of Walt Whitman was once a topic for tumultuous controversy. William O'Connor might call him a good gray poet; plenty of others could infer from that shocking book *Leaves of Grass* that he was both crude and vicious. Most of the people who hated him are gone now, but they were long a-dying; and I attribute a slight reticence that Woodruff betrayed in telling me the wine story to an old fear that it might be used to smirch further his hero's name. "So he drinks, does he?" one can hear the self-righteous beldams of yesteryear croaking. "We always knew he did, even though in that book of his he prates about 'complete women and men . . . their drink water, their blood clean and clear.' He's both a drunk and a hypocrite, you see, not to mention other things. Now Longfellow. . . ." And the disciples of Whitman stay tactfully silent, praying that none of the nastier critics will revive the hoary scandal that Walt, as a bespatted New York dandy of the 1840's—at the very time he was writing *Franklin Evans: or the Inebriate*, "dedicated to the friends of the temperance

cause throughout the United States"—had a palate tolerant of gin cocktails.

No, even to literary scholars it probably is not of epic importance now that Walt Whitman, in his poems a sturdy celebrant of water, in his life could sip wine on a friend's birthday. "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself." This is 1942, and Walt's beloved America plays a part in a world more violent and confused than any that her old poet-prophet specifically foresaw. If one can spare him a thought (and one can), there are a hundred things that his name and his book may bring to mind, all of them more momentous than the question of whether he should have taken that wine. Yes, there are easily a hundred, though I leave you only one:

Those corpses of young men
Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets—
those hearts pierc'd by the gray lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem, live elsewhere
with unslaughter'd vitality. . . .
Liberty! let others despair of you! I never
despair of you.

THE MYTH AND THE REALITY

T. SWANN HARDING

IN THE stupendous building that houses a certain government department in Washington there is a cafeteria. The profits from its operation assist in the support of employee welfare work. This fortunate circumstance both sterilizes the cafeteria against the iniquitous profit-motive bacillus and implies that it is dedicated to broad humanitarian purposes. These factors serve to confound operatives of private-enterprise eating places who might otherwise protest.

Oddly enough, the government cafeteria is also efficient. This violates our dominant myth to the effect that only ruthlessly competitive private enterprises interested solely in profit can be efficient.

While the cafeteria is open throughout most of the employees' working day, their half-hour luncheon period theoretically occurs around noon only. But certain of them incline to patronize the cafeteria at hours quite distant from noon. This presents a great moral problem. It would scarcely be sporting to forbid all non-noon-hour patronage of the cafeteria, for surely no one should be discouraged from spending money in an institution the profits of which are utilized for broad humanitarian purposes.

But, also contrary to our current folklore yet nonetheless true, government employees are supposed to work and they do. Obviously they cannot be in the cafeteria and manage to attend official duties at the same time. A broad general principle exists to the effect that official time should not be frittered away on personal errands. Some reconciliation therefore seems necessary between the broad, self-evident ethical principle and the necessity for catering to customers at all times that must animate so noble an institution as the cafeteria. An ingenious but not extraordinary reconciliation was achieved.

The solution of the problem was very simple. The cafeteria was not closed during working hours; instead it was made relatively uncomfortable and inhospitable except during the sanctioned lunch period. The chairs were piled atop the tables; the place where chairs and tables stood was roped off from the remainder of the room. One table only, with no chairs, was put forward with sugar,

cream, salt, pepper, and mustard on it, and those who came to the cafeteria at unsanctioned hours therefore ate and drank uncomfortably standing.

This resolution of a difficult problem was not so much typically American as typically human. It had pragmatic value. It worked. It also satisfied all parties to controversy. The cafeteria could continue to fulfill its noble purpose while at the same time ceremonially frowning upon those impudent enough to come at the wrong hours when they should have been at work. This, in turn, would answer the protest of any official who might accuse the cafeteria of seducing workers from their appointed tasks.

As Thurman Arnold has insisted, there are always people who believe in the sacred character of broad general principles considered self-evident in truth and people who act or get things done regardless. There is always a conflict between creeds and activities. Necessary activities are bound to be carried on and organizations are bound to appear to carry them on. Hence we must have liturgies and institutions devoted to reconciling the twain.

Thus the value of a piece of property depends in part upon how the property in that particular vicinity is used. A residence has more value in a purely residential district, just as a business property has more value in a business district. Properties in transition zones tend to lack value. Hence there are zoning boards in large cities which restrict this street to residential and that to business property.

But the necessities of business enterprise dictate that it frequently seep into residential zones. This occurs constantly, in spite of the zoning board. How can it occur in view of inviolate city regulations? It does so very largely through resident ownership. A person who actually owns and resides in a residence on a residential street decides to make this a boardinghouse. This is of course permissible.

But boarders often want meals, and once a dining room is started, it seems justifiable to put up a little sign to draw in passersby as well, if possible. If the sign is inconspicuous, the authorities may say nothing. If it is very conspicuous, protest will follow. The owner then falls back upon his rights as a citizen; and since it is generally admitted that owners may do more or less as they please with their own property, the officials are often nonplused.

This seepage continues until nonowners begin to put out little

signs, because, after all, the owners have practically transformed the residence street into a business zone. Finally, this transformation is completed and the street is perhaps zoned for business. Yet all the while the inviolate character of the zoning ordinances has been preserved though individuals have acted as necessity dictated. This preservation of broad general principles by the subtle process of subsuming quite contrary acts thereunder is very cleverly done in many spheres.

For instance, a great many estimable people regard the drinking of alcoholic beverages as immoral. At one time these people were so vociferous that our entire country went nominally dry. By a constitutional amendment it was made criminal to manufacture and sell alcoholic liquors containing more than an absurdly low minimum of ethyl alcohol. Nevertheless, a great many people still desired to drink such beverages.

Some of these people had no regard for broad general principles anyway, but a great many of them preferred to make a gesture of compliance and then to drink anyway. Existing importing, manufacturing, and distributing organizations had, however, been abolished by law. But whenever a large number of people desire a service or a commodity which can be procured only by organized activity, an organization always evolves to fill the threatened vacuum. This happens as surely as it occurs that when an existing organization (the A. F. L.) fails fully to function, a new organization (the C. I. O.) appears to take over those unfulfilled functions.

Consequently, a bootlegger organization appeared. It was very costly. It exacted a liquor tax much more exorbitant than the Federal Government had ever dared exact, and threw in danger of poisoning besides. But it was efficient for the purpose and it continued to function, under purely ceremonial prosecution by officialdom, throughout the period of nominal aridity. Then the law was changed—but the broad general principle about the immorality of drinking alcoholic beverages still remained and must receive consideration.

Whiskey drinking, being a moral evil, could not therefore be permitted entirely without restriction. Hence it became necessary in New York that bars appear as adjuncts to places where food was served and that there be but a single bar on the premises. It was also obligatory that drinkers be plainly visible from the street where

their degradation might warn others against such iniquity. In Washington, however, one must not stand at a bar or elsewhere and drink. One must sit at a table and be served to make it legal, and provide employee tips.

Some restrictions as to hours of sale appeared universally. In some communities only beer or wine could be served on Sundays or holidays. Elsewhere strong drink could be sold only in bulk and must not be consumed on the premises. Usually hard liquor could be sold safely at only a specified distance from a church or school. This regulation, however, was sometimes evaded by putting the actual dispensing bar at a far corner of the establishment or declaring the church property nonsanctuarial.

A curious case once arose in New York City. A night club wished to occupy the second floor of certain premises, but it needed a bar also to lure customers into the first floor. Since the city regulation forbade more than one bar on the premises, a complicated problem arose. It was ultimately solved with the aid of many city officials and legal experts. The bar dutifully began at the first floor and then twined on up a spiral staircase to the second where one arrived at an alcoholic haven.

Now, obviously, if people drank at the downstairs entrance and again upstairs, that would constitute having two bars. But if the upstairs bar simply happened to ramble on down a long flight of stairs, that was just one bar, wasn't it? The top bar became purely a "service" bar, which rendered it legally prophylactic. That one could also drink one's way upstairs often proved to be more fun than falling down them after one had drunk.

Again all factions were satisfied—the customers, the business management, and the city officials. Moreover, all of this was done without infracting the ordinance to the effect that there could be only one bar on the premises, an extremely important point. The obligation to reconcile such conflicts between important generalizations and the necessity for specific acts keeps large numbers of lawyers off relief too. The whole operation serves an extremely good purpose.

One sometimes finds an outbreak of this sort of thing even in the precincts of research. A scientist announces his great discovery. He receives a medal with a monetary award. He publishes and reads

his papers, he gets a good press, and the credit is his. He retires to his laboratory splashed with acclaim.

But a colleague much longer in service then arises to announce, with documentary evidence, that he discovered all that long ago, and he did too. Over forty years ago he published an elaborate paper in which he said the same thing in different words and he got some acclaim and a medal too but no monetary award. What can be done?

The younger research worker has now been paid, praised, and decorated. The less said about the older fellow, the better. He had his day. It would be unseemly now to take public notice of his claims, however well justified. In private he can be told that all informed research workers know the credit is his. Actual laboratory people take notice of him. Adjustments are made in private. But science must ever have new discoveries and new awards, and these would lose value if the individuals upon whom they were conferred proved frequently not to deserve them. Specific act and general principle are thus equally preserved.

But the law courts and diplomatic procedure supply us with the best examples of this sort of thing. Suppose, for instance, a corporation gets into financial difficulties that would soon have an individual in hot water. It has not a few but perhaps hundreds of debtors. They cannot take the corporation to pieces and get their shares. For one thing, its separate properties would be worthless to them. For another, its most valuable asset is a ghostlike thing called good will or going capacity—the coherence, skill, and worker loyalty that make it efficient and profitable at times. Hence its case has to be handled quite differently from the case of an individual. But nonetheless the Supreme Court until very recently has held that all corporations, no matter how huge, are persons. When a sit-down strike occurs in some huge company, this personification of the corporation becomes very vivid. We, too, begin to regard it just as if it were an individual neighbor who had someone occupying his home uninvited. And we know how it would feel to have the plumber come and sit down in our house because of a wage dispute. That would violate a fundamental right.

So we feel sympathetic when the company and the courts hold

that sit-down strikes violate fundamental property rights. But who owns the big company? Certainly not its officers, for they are salaried employees. Hardly the directors, for they own relatively little of its stock. In common sense the workers have about as much claim to ownership there as the executives. In the long run, consumers pay for the plant and its equipment, as well as its stock dividends, for prices carry a quota to cover such things.

The corporation thus has the double advantage of being an individual person and not being one. This enables corporations which, when large, are essentially private principalities levying taxes on the public, to evade adequate regulation. The fact that they are run for profit also induces everyone to believe that they are efficient even when their bankruptcies and holding-company stock manipulations inflict enormous losses upon investors amounting to a capital levy in fact.

In his *Folklore of Capitalism* Thurman Arnold points out the fact that our actions rarely comport well with our basic beliefs. We rarely face reality without at the same time feeling obligated to formulate some interpretation of our actions, couched in some special language, which will attune them with our dominant mythology. Arnold cites a most important example of our insistence upon legality in this business of regarding a corporation as a person and then conferring upon it certain rights reserved for persons under the Constitution.

There are both believers in myth, ceremonial, and liturgic ritual and believers in facts, real issues, and action. We have people whose special function it is to husband the broad, self-evident general principles that must always be respected and in the light of which we must always appear to act. When necessity forces us to act in apparent violation, these people must make our acts seem to conform to the fixed principles after all.

We broadly regard government as a purely spiritual organization with largely ceremonial functions, removed from the world of profit. Business is composed of huge financial organizations that are run by the same sort of ruthless realists as the politicians are, and these politicians actually, though not seemingly, run the government too. But the ritual must always be celebrated, so that whatever

action is taken, it can be shown to be consonant with the broad general myths in which we affect so piously to believe.

Thus the courts and the diplomats constantly supply the formal verbal integument in which offensive actualities are disguised and rendered fit for appearance in courts or foreign offices. Uncanonical acts can then easily be interpreted as thoroughly in line with constituted authority and fundamental principles. Business language also readily adapts itself to such purposes when expertly utilized.

In December, 1937, the U. S. S. *Panay*, a man-of-war, was sunk—along with other nonnaval steamers—in the Yangtse River. They were engaged in removing Americans and American property from the Nanking war zone. Like other countries we long maintained naval vessels and troops in China. But this necessity had all been properly interpreted in diplomatic language and there could be no legitimate question of our right to do it.

Japan had done the same sort of thing, but she became more aggressive about it. Finally, she broke all diplomatic bonds by simply pitching in boldly and doing what she desired to do as a realist and without regard to diplomatic interpretations in liturgic language. This act shocked and horrified Europe and America, largely because of the manner in which it was done.

In the course of her aggression Japan not only sank American vessels; she also bombed British vessels and even managed to kill a German and an Italian, though their countries were presumably her sympathetic friends if not open allies. Something had to be done about all this. Consequently, each of the four-named countries faced the necessity of making protests, the British document being a further installment in her serial notes to Japan regarding such matters.

Italy hardly knew what to do. Her press correspondent had been slain by her good friend Japan. Finally, it occurred to her diplomats that no protest was really necessary because the correspondent was on an American war vessel when slain. He was therefore officially under the protection of the United States, being as it were on her "soil," and a protest would be unfriendly.

Germany, however, felt that she must protest. For the German killed, though on the British craft *Wangpu* at the time, was nevertheless on his native "soil" because that vessel was then the tem-

porary office of the German Embassy in China. Consequently, a protest was made, but as privately and amicably as possible under the circumstances.

America protested with great formality. To make the protest doubly effective, it was addressed not to the Japanese Foreign Minister Koki Hirota but to the Emperor Hirohito. This amounted to an appeal to God himself in Heaven and was a means adopted doubtless to indicate that the American Government felt Japanese naval and military officers had escaped control of the civilian authorities. That alone proved a little confusing because it deviated from the conventional formalized procedure in such matters, which is always supremely important.

The American protest demanded an abject apology, full reparations, and a solemn promise never to do that again, until we were at war with one another at least. Before the American note arrived, however, a most contritely worded apology came from Japan. Since this was not enough, a Japanese admiral was called home from China, and, finally, simply wallowing in abject contrition, the Japanese naval ministry offered to have a company of Japanese sailors fire a salute of honor over the exact spot where the *Panay* sank.

That, it seemed, should end the matter. Symbolic homage to general principles surely could go no further in making atonement for an act of violence that had such appearance of deliberate intent. Reconciliation seemed adequate to gratify the most austere formalist.

Realities naturally went unmentioned. The American note at no point threatened that we might come over and bomb Tokyo. The supposedly raw, realistic Japanese refrained from asking point blank: Why the devil do you Americans keep warships in China anyway? Had they even hinted this, of course, we should have replied by reminding them that China and Japan were not at war and our battleships were there on a friendly mission.

A Nazi newspaper did bring up this question a bit later, blandly remarking that the way to preserve neutrality was to keep warships in home waters. Germany showed how when her man-of-war was bombed near Spain, it had then hiked around to a Spanish coastal town to murder a few civilians in heroic retaliation. But even so necessary an act as that could be scented and embalmed in diplomatic language to appear sacred.

Give an international lawyer time and he can restate in formal language an act that seems superficially to defy all noble principles idealists hold dear. The act thereby becomes consecrated. It acquires nobility. It is right.

Nor have we left the government cafeteria so far behind as might be imagined. For there no one mentions that employees may loaf a bit. After all they stand up; they are uncomfortable while loafing; the chairs are piled on the tables; the profits go to a good cause. Of some things it is unseemly to speak in plain language. That is what ritual and ceremonial are for. Wrap any act properly in some special language and you have subtly transformed it.

B · O · O · K · S

A UNIQUE BIOGRAPHY

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA: *A Life of Christopher Columbus*. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1942. Pp. xx, 680. \$3.50.

There have been many biographies of Columbus, but never, say the publishers, has there been one like this. With this judgment both the author and this reviewer agree. Despite the interest of the earliest writers such as Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Ferdinand Columbus, and Las Casas in what Columbus did and where he sailed, biographers of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries—Benzoni, Herrera, Muñoz, Irving, Harrisse, Winsor, de Lollis—turned to speculation about his birth, character, and early life. In the twentieth century a host of “debunkers” has followed Henry Vignaud’s lead. In the words of the author “most biographies of the Admiral might well be entitled ‘Columbus to the Water’s Edge.’” No previous work on the discoverer of America has answered the fundamental questions: where exactly did he sail on his four voyages and what kind of a seaman was he? In the opinion of Professor Morison it was high time someone supplied the answers. He undertook the assignment.

But to recreate the story of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century narratives by merely studying them in a library with the aid of maps is as futile, and dull, as to study natural science without field work or experimentation. Armchair admirals cannot write the biography of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. To accomplish his purpose Professor Morison had to go to sea, in vessels the size and kind of the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña*; he had to follow under sail the routes of the four voyages. Field work supplemented careful, laborious research. The result is a fresh creation in three dimensions, a story in which the reader is conscious of space and light, of the sea beneath, the sky overhead, and God in His Heaven. The publishers are right: there has never been a biography of Columbus like it.

Although, as he insists, he does not neglect the problems connected with the nationality, birth, early life, and objectives of Columbus, Professor Morison places his emphasis on what Columbus did, where he went, what sort of seaman he was. He describes the size, plan, equipment of sixteenth-century vessels, the daily life of the sailor, the methods of navigation, the day-by-day progress of each voyage. Charts, maps, illustrations

are profuse, and superior in workmanship and value. The geography of the West Indies is reproduced with minute, meticulous care. And in this concrete, vivid setting Columbus and his friends and enemies move about as real as flesh and blood.

Professor Morison writes with a vigorous pen. He demolishes contrary opinions with exclamation points and substantiates his own with affirmations. He is conscious that he has done what no other historian has dared attempt: he speaks as an oracle. It would please the vanity of this reviewer if he could call Professor Morison to task, but he concurs with enthusiasm in the judgment of the publisher: this biography is unique. It ranks with the best biographies of Columbus and it is eminently readable.

ALAN K. MANCHESTER.

AMERICAN SLANG

THE AMERICAN THESAURUS OF SLANG. By Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1942. Pp. 1174. \$5.00.

Slang is perennially fascinating linguistic matter either for use or as a topic for discussion. It belongs to all classes of society, all trades and professions, and is at once our speech of ease and relaxation, and the speech we employ with most frequent creative effect. In moments of boredom or indifference we dismiss a thousand nuances in a single cliché like "so what," but when interested or stimulated we lovingly cull the heap of slang metaphors for the *mot juste*, or set ourselves to inventing newer and more startling figures. Slang shares two of its characteristics with poetry: it is language used imaginatively, and it is language that carries a heavy load of emotional values—irony, opprobrium, wry humor, and, more rarely, sentiment or admiration. Yet paradoxically it is almost totally anti-esthetic in its effect. It has wit, subtlety, and imagination, but somehow it is not poetic.

Most present-day American slang is figurative; that is, based on some simple or remote association of ideas, such as "buttercup" for nice girl, or "darbies" for handcuffs (dating from the seventeenth century and suggested by the tale of the closely wedded Darby and Joan). Another broad classification is the grotesque coining or foreign borrowing, as in "jim-jams" for nervousness or "hoozegow" (from Spanish *juzgado*) for jail. Then there are the puns like "sexcitement" and the onomatopoeic words like "choo-choo." Naturally, in a short review one can do no more than suggest a few of the broad principles of "slanguage"; it is impossible to account for a host of inspired phrases like "screaming meanies" for

hangover, which combines elements of coinage, association, and imperfect rhyme.

The whole subject of current American slang is now comprehensively and satisfyingly expounded in this badly needed *Thesaurus*, compiled by Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark. The book makes a suitable native partner for Eric Partridge's more historical *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* from overseas, and as such belongs on every reference library shelf and in the files of all amateurs of Americana. For that matter, there is nothing to keep it from the hands of the general reader, who is almost sure to find it entertaining.

The *Thesaurus* has 842 closely packed pages of text, admirably indexed and cross indexed to make it equally suitable for reference work and desultory reading. In addition to an impressive section on general slang divided into various modes, such as personal characteristics, social relationships, parts of the body, and the like, there are occupational sections on the theater, law, medicine, sculpture, sports, politics, and on nearly all phases of our national life. The whole text is provided with an excellent foreword by Miss Louise Pound.

One of the things that catches Miss Pound's attention, and indeed that of most modern commentators, is the fact that slang has only recently come into comparative reputability. Perhaps it will not be out of place to offer an explanation for this, to add to the familiar rigors of the eighteenth-century grammarian, who above all things desired a stable language—like Latin as he knew it. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the great bulk of slang belonged as exclusively as possible to the underworld, where it was used with the deliberate purpose of mystifying the uninitiated. Thus, admitting knowledge of "Peddler's French" was tantamount to admitting an unsavory past or present, or both. As Defoe remarks in his *Caveat for Shopkeepers*, "Whenever any person hears such language . . . let them take care of the speaker, for they are certainly of the nimming clan, and therefore to be avoided."

Of course the present volume of American slang suggests a comparison with the transatlantic variety recorded by Eric Partridge in his *Dictionary*. The vocabularies overlap to some extent, but certain obvious contrasts are noticeable. Most of the slang of our British cousins is several generations old. There is little trace of the contemporary inventive fertility so clearly evidenced in the American volume. On the other hand, we Americans have relatively neglected the back slang and rhyming slang (like "ecnop" for "ponce" and "apple and pears" for stairs in Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street*), which has been the most notable British contribution to unconventional speech in the last half century.

By and large, British slang is more earthy than American, and more explicit; less witty, perhaps, and less euphemistic. We Americans win applause for our humor with such adventurous flights of the imagination as "hot tamale" for Mexican actress, "angel food" for sermon, and "scandal broth" for tea, but we show a national delicacy in light deprecations like "that way" for homosexual, "love pirate" for philanderer, and "sinfant" for bastard. However, if one is inclined to award the honors to our cousins for downright Billingsgate, one is amply comforted by the existence of a hoard of native gems in our own characteristic manner: "airdale," college slang for girl with hairy arms and legs; "big bad wolf," business for depression; "barrel fever," medical for D. T.'s; "bartender," legal for judge, and "cackleberries," restaurant for eggs.

No one can criticize a volume like the *Thesaurus* for omissions and occasional inaccuracies, but its compilers will undoubtedly welcome comments and suggestions. Thus, it is worth remarking that one looks in vain through the theatrical slang for "the Gazeeka Box" and "pickle persuader" mentioned in Miss Gypsy Rose Lee's fine social study, *The G-String Murders*. The phrase "shooting gallery" for brothel, perpetuated to posterity in Mr. William Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, is also missing. Most people would, I think, agree that a "ticket scalper" is not usually a man who sells tickets at a reduced rate, but rather the reverse (though economic exigencies create some confusion here). An "owl head rod" is not a short, heavy revolver, but rather a short, light one of the "tip-up" pattern made by the Iver Johnson Company with its owl-head trademark. A "belly gun" is not merely a .38, as defined; it is a snub-nosed .38 to shove against the victim's belly. In the section on pugilism, one finds "dancing master" for a fast, clever boxer, but not the equally current "flash," "speed merchant," and "Fancy Dan." The Anglicism, "bombardier," is given for a hard hitter, but not the usual American version, "bomber," exemplified in Joe Louis's famous nickname "The Brown Bomber." Incidentally, the English "bombardier" is probably used as a military title without reference to hitting ability. English pugilists are fond of assuming occupational noms de guerre such as "Bombardier" Wells, "Seaman" Watson, and "Gasman" Tom Gummer (or Hazlitt's "Gasman," Thomas Hickman). Finally, there is the subject of Negro slang yet to be explored; the *Thesaurus* in its present form is deficient in this.

No doubt other reviewers will have other suggestions, but these will not minimize a book which performs the prodigious task of recording and codifying nearly all current American slang and laying a fine foundation for future historical studies of it.

HERBERT T. WEBSTER.

THREE ESSAYS ON MARK TWAIN

MARK TWAIN AT WORK. By Bernard De Voto. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1942. Pp. ix, 144. \$2.00.

This book is composed of three essays, each of which has previously been made public: "The Symbols of Despair" was the William Vaughn Moody Lecture at the University of Chicago in 1940; "The Phantasy of Boyhood" and "Noon and the Dark" were printed as introductions to *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, published by the Limited Editions Club, the former in 1939, the latter in 1942. For the first time, we are able to see how Mark Twain worked, how he wrought chapters from rambling notebook scribbles, how he speculated upon character and incident, and how he achieved his final effects. As a source to indicate the beginnings of *Tom Sawyer*, Mr. De Voto prints the fragmentary "Boy's Manuscript," a primitive, diarylike narrative wherein are sketched scenes which later became important episodes in the novel. It is odd that Albert Bigelow Paine should have overlooked the patent relevance of this to *Tom Sawyer*. Specimen pages of other manuscripts show the inchoate mass from which *Huckleberry Finn* emerged triumphant after precarious trials and detours. Mr. De Voto makes illuminating comment upon the bowdlerization of these two books, and finds Mark himself responsible for most of it; evidently he could not abide the mention of sex, and his sense of propriety in language was almost squeamish!

The final essay, "The Symbols of Despair," concerns the spiritual wreckage which a series of catastrophes left of Mark. These had to do with reverses in business, with personal ill-health, with the concern for an ailing wife, and with the discovery of Jean's epilepsy. In 1885 the bankrupt author, "little more than an invalid," started on a lecture tour, the proceeds of which were to pay off his creditors. Susan, his eldest daughter, was to have met the family in London, but her death by meningitis intervened. The impact of this compounded grief was nearly fatal to his sanity. Apparently he had a conviction that the calamities which befell him and his family were chargeable to him. Mr. De Voto sees the sad years following, wherein Mark's creative powers failed him, as a period in which he was seeking a sort of absolution from his imagined guilt. At length, after repeated failures, he succeeded in finishing *The Mysterious Stranger*. There was annealing effect in this accomplishment; and the philosophy of the book, with its peculiar universe-as-dream idea, brought him a long-sought peace together with that sense of personal integration without which the mind is staggered.

CHARLES DUFFY.

MIDDLE-CLASS FARMERS OF THE OLD SOUTH

THE TENNESSEE YEOMEN, 1840-1860. By Blanche Henry Clark. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1942. Pp. xxiii, 200. \$2.00.

For some years Professor Frank L. Owsley of Vanderbilt University has felt that emphasis upon planters, slaves, and "poor whites" in the literature about the Old South has needed to be balanced by studies of the middle-class, yeoman farmers. Into this neglected field he has directed his own research, and he has encouraged others to investigate various parts of it. The present volume, by the Dean of Women of Vanderbilt University, is the first study by one of Professor Owsley's fellow-workers to appear in print, and it therefore assumes importance as the beginning of a proposed series as well as for its own independent contribution to scholarship.

Dr. Clark sought first of all to discover whether Tennessee contained any considerable number of yeomen. Her starting point was the raw data of the original Federal Census returns and county tax lists. Using statistical methods that seem to be sound, she reaches the conclusion that the majority of Tennessee landowners possessed tracts of moderate size, usually between 101 and 200 acres. She notes, as a point of comparison, that in none of the counties studied, except in the cotton belt in the western part of the state, did those who owned over 1,000 acres constitute as much as 5 per cent of the landowners. At the other extreme, about a third of the Tennessee agriculturalists owned no land, but thus far it has not been possible to work out a method of discovering the characteristics of this group.

Dr. Clark makes several significant observations about the middle-class farmers. Some owned a few slaves, and others owned none. They were scattered over all parts of the state, though their numbers in proportion to the large planters decreased as one moved westward into the cotton counties. Furthermore, there is much information about their agricultural operations and productions. On the other hand, little is told about the social attitudes and customs, the political influence, the religious activities, or the educational attainments of the yeomen. Presumably, these and other subjects have been apportioned to other laborers in the broad field of the history of Southern yeomanry; if so, they need not worry about the firmness of the foundation laid by this introductory study.

A second subject, to which Dr. Clark turns in the last half of her book, is the movement within Tennessee for agricultural improvement. It reached large proportions in the 1840's and 1850's, and it bore a considerable harvest. However, since "the leaders in the movement came

from the aristocrats," one may well inquire why these two subjects are put together in a single book. The author's answer seems to be that yeomen and planters were mutually useful to each other and to the economic life of their state. The yeoman, with the weight and strength of numbers, produced large quantities of goods and served as a stabilizing force in society, but there is no evidence that he was progressive or was even aware of certain degenerative trends in agriculture. The planters, though comparatively few in numbers, supplied an initiative and imagination that were sorely needed if the economic life of the state was to be improved. The implications of the mutual dependence of the middle and top agricultural classes upon each other are significant.

CHARLES S. SYDNOR.

LECTURES ON LATIN AMERICA

SOUTH AMERICA AND HEMISPHERE DEFENSE. By J. Fred Rippy.
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1941. Pp. xi, 101.
\$1.50.

The four chapters which this little book includes were originally the units in the 1941 series of the Walter Lynwood Fleming Lectures in Southern History, sponsored periodically by the Graduate School and the Department of History of Louisiana State University. The lecturer—now transmuted into the author—is professor of Latin-American history at the University of Chicago.

Two small bits of explanation are in order, one of which can be relayed from the author's preface. It deals with the justification for inclusion of a title such as this in a series of lectures on *Southern* history. South America is literally "Southern," of course, but not in the sense to which the title of the lecture series refers. Professor Rippy's explanation—and it is not one at which any reader will be inclined to cavil—is that "the men who formulated our policies toward Latin America in the beginning were Southerners in the main. In large measure statesmen of the Old South were the originators of the Monroe Doctrine and other phases of the political and economic system for which the Americas have stood, and until 1860 the South furnished more diplomats to Latin America than all the rest of the nation combined."

That is a valid explanation. It furnishes a sufficient link between the *raison d'être* of the lecture series and the title of this volume. The other explanation remains unsatisfactory. The volume has much about South America but very little, except in the broadest sort of sense, about hemisphere defense. Either the title was poorly chosen or the author has failed adequately to expand and expound the second portion of that title.

The four lectures in the volume deal with "The Evolution of the American System," "Resources and Politics of South America," "Commercial Relations," and "*Tierra Dorada*." The first of these deals with a survey of the development of United States policy toward Latin America. Within the narrow limits allowed for a chapter (or lecture) of this sort it is obvious that no fruits of new and profound research could be presented, no startling or controversial stands taken and defended. The author adequately performs his task, which appears to be the synthesis and summary of "the American system" insofar as it involves a political attitude toward the collective twenty republics to the south of us.

The following chapter contains a general survey of the physical and human resources of the continent and of the political superstructure built upon and the experience derived from those resources. The author's thesis is that the continent's wealth has been exaggerated by the popular imagination. "South America is not really El Dorado. El Dorado is still a myth."

The most satisfying review of all is that of the trade relations between the United States and South America, treated in Chapter III. In this discussion the author mixes detail and a broad interpretation and summary in a fashion which inspires confidence and gives us a vivid picture of that phase of the economy of the half score of republics in the southern continent.

In the final chapter Professor Rippey considers how United States nationals have in various ages sought the pot of gold at the foot of some elusive South American rainbow. The chapter's organization has one major defect: it bogs down in the amount of detail included. This is true both of the quotations from the early glowing accounts of the all-too-poorly informed promoters and of the analysis of recent bond issues.

No one would contend that this little volume is intended as a weighty contribution to knowledge as the reflection of advanced research. It was not designed in that fashion and makes no pretense of being such. It is, however, a good and broad interpretation, done in a lively style and from the vantage point of a well-grounded perspective, of those aspects of the subject with which it deals.

RUSSELL H. FITZGIBBON.

TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICANS

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752-1817. *A Biography*. By Charles E. Cunningham. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1942. Pp. 403. \$3.75.

JOHN WOOLMAN: *American Quaker*. By Janet Whitney. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1942. Pp. 490. \$3.75.

These seem proper days for a reappraisal of great Americans of the past who built their lives firmly on unshakeable foundations of faith. The gentle and unassuming John Woolman and the militant, ambitious Timothy Dwight represent two forces which make eighteenth-century America in a very real sense a cradle of modern ideas of democracy. No two men could have been more different: Quaker John Woolman relinquished opportunity for wealth and position that he might better in love serve his fellowmen and the spirit of God within him; theocratic Timothy Dwight pushed his way to position and power that he might better prove his leadership in hammering home doctrines of conformity to a stern, Calvinistic creed. The one was lovable, retiring, content to serve quietly; the other was noisy, bellicose, ready to thunder denunciation on all who dared disagree. One we may love, though we shake our heads in wonder at the utter impracticalness of his self-sacrifice; the other we may admire—in spite of an occasional suspicion of bigotry—for the strength of his utterance, the imposing effect of his presence, and the influence which he exerted on his contemporaries. As the most articulate of the orthodox Quakers and as the leading exponent of New England Calvinism, John Woolman and Timothy Dwight represent two important strands in late eighteenth-century American thought. Both are essential reactionary and counterbalancing forces to the liberal and more practical humanitarian doctrines of Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Joel Barlow, Philip Freneau, and James Madison. And though the democratic ideology of the latter group has proved, and is proving, its greater survival value, the strands represented by John Woolman and Timothy Dwight have not been, and should not be, forgotten.

Mr. Cunningham's volume is the first full-length biography of the protestant "Pope of New England." As such, perhaps we may expect too much from it. The treatment is frankly partisan—that of a loyal Yale man to one of his Alma Mater's greatest presidents. Mr. Cunningham has, we suspect, accepted with too much credulity the traditional tales of his subject's prowess, has depended for biographical detail too much on the rather untrustworthy evidence of eulogistic funeral sermons and the memoirs of contemporaries who were awed by the majesty of Dwight's physical presence. As a result, much which in the past has blurred the

outlines of the great New Englander is still present in this study. Dwight as a clergyman who inspired congregations and whose fame in his lifetime was legendary has been rather well presented before. Dwight as an educator of vision and accomplishment is perhaps best remembered in the university which he helped to build at New Haven. And with these aspects of his life Mr. Cunningham has done well, restating in modern terms what has often been said before, and adding well-reasoned estimates based on new materials. But the essential human being, Timothy Dwight, is not here. Nor is the poet, the man of letters looked on by many of his contemporaries as the fairest jewel in America's literary crown, to be found in these pages. What we do find is a great man as seen by his admiring contemporaries: we do not find either the ridiculously pompous expounder of clichés, which he seemed to those who did not like him, or the essentially simple, though stern and posturing, man that he must have seemed to those who knew him best. Yet, though the human lineaments are buried beneath a seemingly injudicious acceptance of contemporary and posthumous eulogy, Mr. Cunningham has presented a well-documented record of Timothy Dwight's influence. And this perhaps is enough for a single book.

Mrs. Whitney, too, has been partial to the subject of her biography. Yet, because she allows John Woolman to speak in his own voice, through generous extracts from his published and unpublished writings, there emerges within the book a man individualized and concrete. It is no ghost figure here who speaks concisely and reverently of the duty of man to man, of the duty of man to the God within him. It must have been a difficult book to write, because John Woolman's life was without exciting incident, almost without outward manifestation of personality. As a Quaker, his thoughts were turned inward; he moved unassumingly and with quiet power among his fellows. Mrs. Whitney, however, has succeeded in entering into the spirit of this life. Her book is one to read slowly and as an antidote, perhaps, to the clamor of our own times. John Woolman's fame was never large—though Charles Lamb loved him; he may never be a great influence among busy men; but he remains with us, and will, we suspect, remain for a long time.

LEWIS LEARY.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND

THREE TOURS THROUGH LONDON IN THE YEARS 1748-1776-1797. By W. S. Lewis. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941. Pp. xii, 135. \$2.50.

VAUXHALL GARDENS. By James G. Southworth. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. Pp. viii, 199. \$2.75.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. By Basil Willey. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. Pp. viii, 302. \$3.25.

A remarkable rise of interest in the eighteenth century, both academic and amateur, has been noticeable for some years; we have seen its manifestations in the novel and in biography, in architecture and interior decoration, in discussions of political theory and social progress. Two of the volumes reviewed here, then, studies in various aspects of the social history of eighteenth-century England, should find a wide, rather than a specialized, popularity. The third, Professor Willey's *The Eighteenth Century Background*, is a philosophical analysis of the meanings attached to the word "Nature" from Locke to Wordsworth. Together with Robert J. Allen's collection of prints, entitled *Life in Eighteenth Century England*, previously reviewed in this journal, these volumes furnish a modern view of the eighteenth century which is both entertaining and instructive.

Three Tours through London is one of those rare and delightful volumes which provide both a maximum of information and a maximum of charm. Mr. Lewis (editor of the Yale Edition of the Walpole Correspondence) is a scholar of distinction, who succeeds effortlessly in recreating the atmosphere of the eighteenth century. His tours show us, as he says, not all of London, but all that the average tourist might reasonably expect to see; next to a "time-machine" which could carry us back to the eighteenth century itself, Mr. Lewis's volume is certainly the most enjoyable and effective means of touring now in the London of Walpole, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson. As though to supplement Mr. Allen's pictures, which lean heavily toward aristocratic England, *Three Tours* presents the London, not only of St. James' Park, but of Southwark and Fleet Street as well. One is aware, of course, of the satin gown and the powdered wig, but one is not allowed to forget the noise of the street corner and the filth of the kennel.

We travel in the first tour (1748) into Southwark, over London Bridge, through the poorer districts and the City, and are brought to our lodgings after a rapid circle of the fashionable West End. The changes which succeeding decades brought to London are clearly evident in the two later tours, as Mr. Lewis touches briefly but brilliantly on geography,

architecture, social reform, political theory, and the work and play of all classes.

The three tours, originally offered as lectures at Brown University, now provide readers the additional benefit of end-paper maps (though small ones) and of Mr. Lewis's sound and illuminating footnotes, which, like the side trips of any well-conducted tour, add mightily to the pleasure of the travelers.

As a contrast to the careful annotation of *Three Tours*, Professor Southworth's history of Vauxhall Gardens is deliberately printed without footnotes, in order, as the author says, that he may not seem to "give weight to fragile matter by excessive documentation." Although a bibliography is provided, this lack of notes is somewhat regrettable, since annotation scarcely could have detracted from the popular quality of the work and certainly would have been an assistance to the scholarly reader. *Vauxhall Gardens* is, however, a lively, detailed, and certainly the most complete study of this famous pleasure garden available; Mr. Southworth traces the beginning, the rise to prominence, and the decay of Vauxhall, with adequate detail as to its structure and to the type of entertainment provided.

The grandeur that was Vauxhall at its heyday is of particular interest in any study of the eighteenth-century social scene; its popularity as a pleasure garden was rivaled only by that of Ranelagh, and it is mentioned in countless contemporary essays, novels, and letters. Lovers of the century have complacently (and perhaps correctly) assumed that the decline in the conduct of Vauxhall reflected a general decline in taste from the classical to the early Victorian period, and Mr. Southworth's volume will emphasize the steady cheapening of the gardens as the demand for popular and spectacular entertainment overthrew the Vauxhall known to the eighteenth century.

Professor Willey's *The Eighteenth Century Background* makes no pretense at being a history of eighteenth-century thought; it is, instead, a thorough analysis of "Nature" as used by Locke, Burnet, Shaftesbury, Butler, Hume, Hartley, Priestley, Godwin, and others in the long chain from the seventeenth century to Wordsworth and the romantics. As a discussion of one central aspect of the philosophy of an era, the volume is a companion to the same author's earlier work, *The Seventeenth Century Background*. Though the multitudinous uses of the word "Nature" would seem to make any coherent study of it almost hopeless, Professor Willey succeeds, in a large measure, in avoiding the twin pitfalls of too easy classification of views and of no such classification whatever. Acknowledging the common eighteenth-century predilection to use "Natural"

to mean "what is most congenial to . . . the educated in the most polite and refined nations of the world," he proceeds to trace, too, the rise of primitivism and the doctrine of necessitarianism, which together largely dominated thinking in regard to "Nature" as the romantic period drew near.

The book is uneven in that it combines skillful analysis in one chapter with broad generalization in another; Swift, for example, is dismissed as one who "barricades himself within his ivory tower of reason," and his importance in developing what the author later calls the philosophical view of nature ("things as they may become") is virtually ignored. In all, however, Professor Willey's volume is a sound and helpful study of the labyrinth of Nature in the eighteenth century.

JACK R. BROWN.


AN ACADEMIC LUXURY

THE PLACE OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES IN PUBLISHING. By Robert Frederick Lane. Chicago: The University of Chicago Libraries, 1942. Private Edition. Pp. 160.

This monograph on "an academic luxury"—the American university press—constitutes the "essential portions" of a dissertation completed in the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago. The author traces the chronological development of American university presses, classifies them according to their geographical location and their sources of support, describes their various forms of administration, presents a quantitative view of university press publishing, measures the importance of their publications, prescribes remedies for their various ills, and suggests further topics for investigation. Mr. Lane's study should be not only helpful to university administrators and research authors, but also instrumental in improving relations between university presses and the academic world.


DAVID K. JACKSON.

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It Was a Surprise To Him

(It would have been a shock
to his heirs)

WHEN he glanced through the Will he had made a few years before he was surprised. One beneficiary he had named was dead. A block of property he had mentioned had been sold. Worst of all, the new tax law would have seriously penalized those whom he desired to benefit most.

Luckily this man re-read his Will in time. He was able to have his Will revised to correct the erratic interpolations of time—able to sign a new Will to express his real intentions, provide larger and surer benefits for his heirs.

If you have not recently reviewed your Will, may we suggest that you do so immediately. We will be glad to discuss its problems and provisions with you and your attorney—contributing our continuous experience in modern estate planning to the creation of a far-sighted instrument to serve your wishes.

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